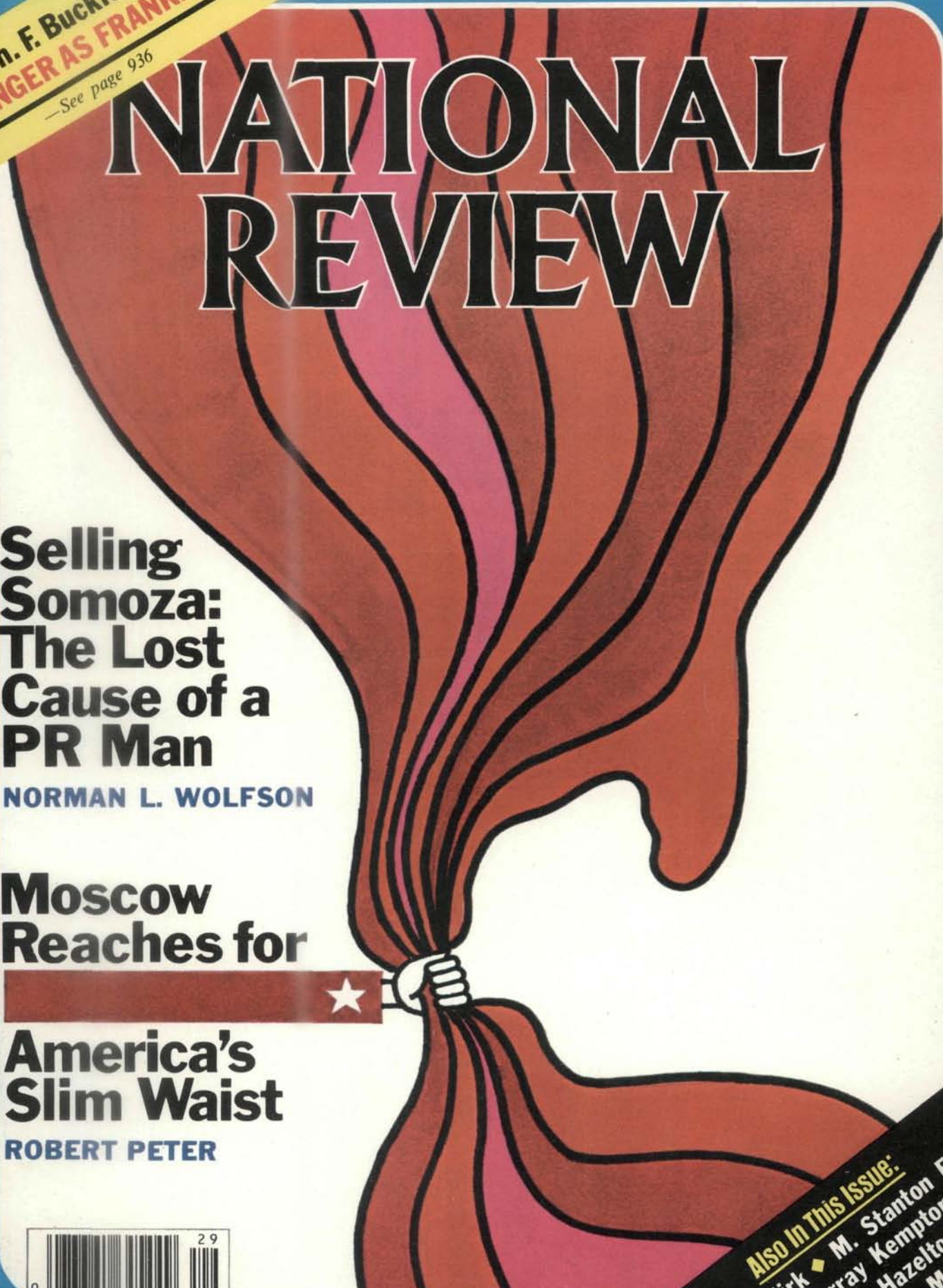


Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on
INGER AS FRANKENSTEIN
—See page 936

NATIONAL REVIEW



**Selling
Somoza:
The Lost
Cause of a
PR Man**

NORMAN L. WOLFSON

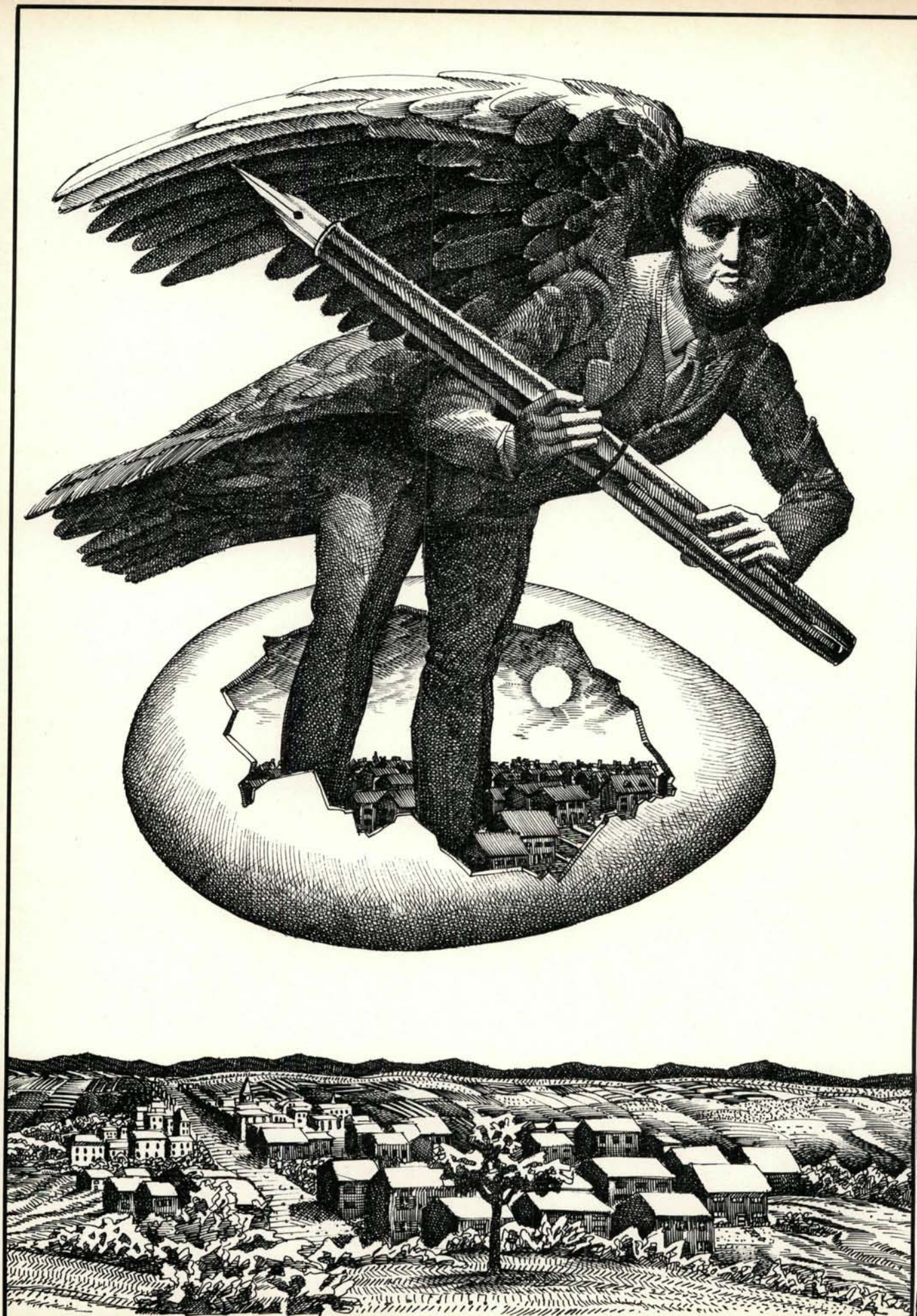
**Moscow
Reaches for**

**America's
Slim Waist**

ROBERT PETER



Also In This Issue:
Russell Kirk ♦ M. Stanton Evans
Murray Kempton
Nika Hazelton
D. Keith Mano
M. J. Sobran



FREEDOM BEGINS AT HOME

Gannett is a nationwide communications company with a world of different voices: 80 daily newspapers, 7 television and 12 radio stations in 33 states and two U.S. territories.

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At Gannett, responsible and responsive coverage of the whole community is not just our job. It's our responsibility.

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This is community journalism. And at its heart is local news. The news that touches the lives of everyone it serves.

It means being an investigator and exposing wrongdoing. It's being a guardian and watching over the community's well-being. It means being a recorder and noting the passage of daily life with its joys and sorrows, its trials and triumphs.

Our commitment to freedom.

At Gannett we have a commitment to freedom. Freedom for the men and women of Gannett to become more professional every day. Freedom to share in the blessings of our free society and its free enterprise system. Freedom to fulfill our First Amendment obligations.

We take our First Amendment responsibility seriously at Gannett. Not just because it protects the journalists' right to print or broadcast the news. But because it is the cornerstone of our democracy, the people's guarantee of freedom.

With our recently concluded merger with Combined Communications Corporation, we're moving toward a new and expanded world of total information services. Which includes, in addition to newspapers and broadcast, outdoor advertising and a public opinion research company. But as we grow bigger, the same principles of editorial freedom, excellence and community service will still apply.

And so from Guam to the Virgin Islands, from Reno to Rochester, from Pensacola to Phoenix, from Atlanta to Hawaii, every Gannett newspaper, every television and radio station is free to set its own course, to meet its local news obligations, to express its own opinions. Free to serve the best interests of its own community in its own way.

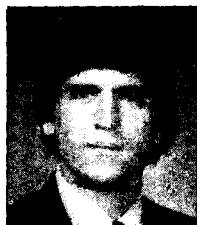
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where freedom speaks.**



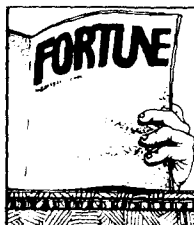
BRUCE-BRIGGS
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WOLFSON
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GIGOT
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HAZELTON
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KEMPTON
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MANO
Page 931

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

- 906 Joe Clark, the Unknown**
Nobody in Canada knows exactly what Joe Clark stands for. Does he? *Brian Crozier*

- 907 The Lost Cause of a PR Man**
The author spent a year trying to present Nicaraguan President Anastasio Somoza's side of the civil war to the rest of the world. He came close, in the process, to losing his life—and he wasn't always sure at whose hands. Meanwhile, he got to know Somoza and his aides very well, and a fascinating lot they were. He also got to know the American press corps who were covering the story: the men and women of the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and the television networks, and a noted conservative columnist. After which it was obvious why Somoza was getting an even worse press than he probably deserved. Brace yourself before reading.
Norman L. Wolfson

- 921 Moscow Reaches for America's Slim Waist**
The Moscow-Havana axis is using its Caribbean foothold to foster guerrilla movements in Central America. A priceless victory beckons them.
Robert Peter

- 922 The Ugly Spectacle**
In its continuing war on independence, the public educational establishment is cracking down on Montessori schools for the way they pour milk.
Russell Kirk

- 924 And Some of It Is True**
David Halberstam looks at four media giants, and proves again that he is an unreliable but irresistible raconteur.
Paul A. Gigot

- 926 A Social 'Humanist'**
Carey McWilliams' autobiography should have been super; alas, it's a boastful bore.
Kenneth S. Lynn

- 927 Marching toward Muchness**
Father Hesburgh's speeches don't exactly hit you like, say, a Knute Rockne pep talk.
Ellen Wilson

- 928 Halfway House**
Philosopher Alan Goldman considers reverse discrimination, and rejects justice by proxy.
M. J. Sobran

- 929 A Couple of Classics**
Animadversions against two mainstays of the curriculum.
Murray Kempton

- 930 Days of Fortune**
Reminiscences (fond) of Henry Luce and staff.
Nika Hazelton

- 931 I Leave the Episcopal Church**
Silly politics, lousy liturgy, ordaining dikes: enough's enough.
D. Keith Mano

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

- 923 The New-Class Game**
Alvin Gouldner hails the rise of a new New Class: his own. If his book were set to music, it could serve as their national anthem.
B. Bruce-Briggs

- | | | | |
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| 890 | Letters | 910 | help |
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| 938 Trans-O-Gram | | | |

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We asked Americans:

'Why Isn't America Using More Coal?'

Because Union Carbide's business depends on energy, our future growth depends on national policies which bring about reliable, long-term energy supplies from many sources, including coal. Since public attitudes help shape public policy, we commissioned a survey which included this question:

"Thinking about (each of the following), is it your feeling that this is keeping the U.S. from using more coal, or do you feel this is not having much effect on the use of coal in this country?"

	Restrains coal use	Not much effect
Coal's effect on environment	48%	40%
Coal's effect on human health	39%	50%
Cost of mining & transporting	34%	53%
Government regulations	49%	36%

Source: May 1979 national probability sample survey by telephone, of 1,000 adults. Conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates, Inc. ("Don't knows" not shown.)

Half say regulations and environmental problems restrain coal use.

Most experts agree that we have a 300- to 400-year supply of coal in the United States, and 3 out of 4 Americans feel that we should rely heavily on coal for our energy needs. But when asked why coal—which represents 80% of our known energy resources—provides only 20% of our current needs, almost half named government regulations and the environmental effects of mining and using coal as restraining influences.

Getting on with the job.

HEW has found that "intensified use of coal as an energy source . . . would not lead to serious health or ecological consequences if certain precautions are taken." In addition, the National Coal Policy Project, composed of environmentalists, coal companies, utilities and other industries, recently

reached agreement on a body of policies which would allow increased coal production and use in an environmentally acceptable manner.

In recognition of the country's urgent need to replace scarce oil with abundant coal, the President has asked federal regulatory agencies to review their policies and to propose ways of encouraging the greater use of domestic coal. At the same time, the country has an opportunity to take other steps towards this end:

- Make sure that regulations for the use of coal properly protect the environment—but don't needlessly inhibit coal production or use.
- Use coal for the things coal does best, such as generating electricity. This will save oil for those purposes for which there is no present substitute, such as transportation and chemical raw materials.
- Support legislation which provides for demonstration projects to convert coal into gas and liquid fuels and chemical raw materials.

Union Carbide's commitment to coal.

Union Carbide believes that America must use its abundant coal resources to help secure its energy future. And that we can do so in ways that protect land, air, water—and people. To those ends, we plan to use coal as a boiler fuel, whenever practical, in new facilities.

We first began research on converting coal to chemicals in the 1930's, but stopped work on these projects in the 1960's because coal could not compete with world oil then priced at \$2 a barrel. With current energy shortages and skyrocketing oil and gas prices, it is again in our interest to turn to the coal utilization technologies we've developed over the years.

This advertisement is part of a continuing series on public opinions and national concerns.

For more information, write for a complimentary copy of the national survey, "Public Attitudes on Energy." Address: Energy, Union Carbide Corporation, Box G-16, 270 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017



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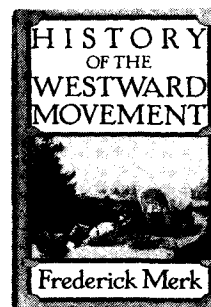
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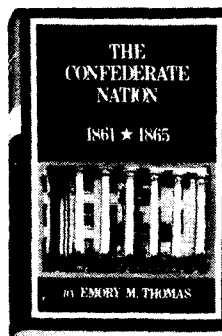
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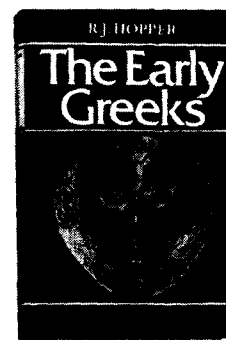
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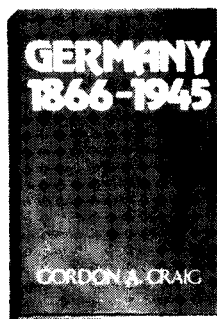
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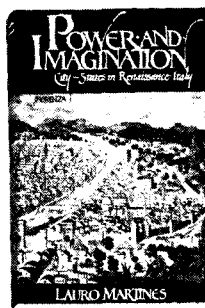
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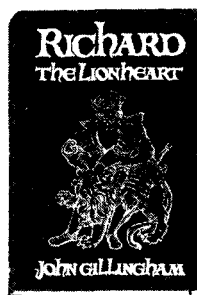
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Letters

First Principles

I admire Charles Kesler's essay on Harry V. Jaffa ["A Special Meaning of the Declaration of Independence," July 6]. It felt good to assess first principles again. Kesler is sharp and lucid when he deals with the theories of the Declaration. But he loses his way somewhat, or at least his language becomes less precise, when he attempts to transfer the meaning of Jaffa into the contemporary political context.

Kesler says certain "libertarians" want to supplant politics with economics. They believe the "laws of economics," left to work by themselves, "will inevitably produce peace and freedom." This is a phony analysis. Moderate libertarians (that is, conservative libertarians) don't want so much to supplant politics as to define its limits. Economics by itself cannot lead to peace and freedom. It can lead to prosperity, which, accompanied by a prudent government, can ensure peace and freedom. Adam Smith knew the distinction: individual pursuit of profit may not be moral or virtuous in the sense Kesler thinks political decisions can be virtuous. But combined, as a cross-current of production and consumption, these acts produce the most wealth and the most opportunity. That is a kind of virtue, a kind of equality, which Harry Jaffa and even Charles Kesler can celebrate.

Mark Stevens
San Francisco, Calif.

Lost Footnote

My article "Cato Institute and the Invisible Finger" [June 8] mentioned Murray Rothbard's current work at Palo Alto preparing a book on the Progressive Era, and an asterisk in my manuscript referred to a footnote, which noted that Rothbard's two-year study and book grant was provided by the Cato Institute (of which he is a director). However, in your judicious editing a few lines were removed from that page, the footnote lost its asterisk and was set in body type, and its placement gives the erroneous impression that Cato funded Rothbard's 1973 *For a New Liberty*.

Lawrence V. Cott
San Rafael, Calif.

The End of Art Nouveau

From having had, just a few years ago, the handsomest and most rollicking covers of any magazine in America, *NR* dismayed this reader by falling into cluttered juxtapositions of sepia-tinted photographs framed by or plastered over with Art Nouveau-cum-comic-book banners. But the issue of June 8 returns *NR* to beauty,

wit, and invention. Congratulations! The most delightful cover I've ever seen.

F. R. Buckley
Camden, S.C.

Repatriation

David Pietrusza, in his review [May 25] of *The Secret Betrayal 1944-1947*, refers to the forcibly repatriated peoples of the Soviet Union as "Russians." Mr. Pietrusza is apparently unaware that the majority of those who were so shamefully, and at times brutally, repatriated to the Soviet Union were Ukrainians and other non-Russians. Some of them had fled the Soviet Union voluntarily; others had been forcibly transported in cattle cars to Germany as slave labor to enable Germany to utilize its own manpower in the war effort.

The Kremlin insisted on the forced repatriation of these people not because they were "contaminated with the insidious taint of Western influence" but because it was afraid to allow these millions of people to travel freely throughout the West, espousing anti-Russian causes and thirsting for revenge against a murderous regime. So they insisted that the United States and Great Britain carry out the dirty task of forced repatriation. It is disgraceful and unforgivable.

Mykhaylo S. Kulynych
Philadelphia, Pa.

A 'Funny' Fabrication

I have read with interest "Canadian Medicare: Rx for U.S.A.?" by Stuart M. MacLeod and Donald Coxe [April 13]. Within that article the authors refer to a "recent incident in Ontario," alluding to the publication of the names of people treated for venereal disease.

In November 1977, the *Toronto Globe and Mail* published an article alleging that staff at the Ministry of Health ran "fun" tests with the venereal disease files. This article was based on information given to the newspaper by a "former employee." An internal investigation conducted by the Ontario Provincial Police indicated that there was no evidence to substantiate the newspaper allegations.

You will no doubt be familiar with the Royal Commission on Confidentiality of Health Records being conducted by Justice H. Krever. Justice Krever has held extensive hearings on the security surrounding Ministry of Health systems. In the course of these hearings, the Commission obtained under oath from the "former employee" (the source of the newspaper information) an admission that he was

never employed by the Ministry and that he had fabricated the whole story.

Dennis R. Timbrell
Minister of Health
Toronto, Ont.

We regret the erroneous comments in our article. The original story, alas, was front-page news and provoked much comment. It is too bad that the retraction was buried deep in the "Our Mistake" section of the Globe and Mail, and that we missed it.

D. G. M. Coxe
Stuart M. MacLeod

Tertium Quid

It appears to me that neither Mr. Rees nor Mr. Kilpatrick ["The True Confession of One One-Issue Voter," May 25] has taken into account the old notion of a *tertium quid*—a substance sharing some of the characteristics of each of two other things, and thus forming a third sort of thing, different from both.

Obviously, common sense is not always a sure guide in matters of theology or morals. Still, it is helpful sometimes to try to determine what we actually observe, apart from abstractions.

First, most non-ideologues would agree that the fetus is "not nothing." To call it, as Mr. Kilpatrick does, a "cluster of cells," as if it were something culled out of a laboratory Petri dish, is surely disingenuous. That cluster of cells either is (as Mr. Rees would say) or will be if not indured (as I would say) a unique, individual human being. To destroy it wantonly—to destroy what is or will be a living person—is an evil act.

But there are many sorts of evil acts. Speaking in a common-sense way, do we really believe that this one (whether it is performed on a fetus of one week, 13 weeks, or even five months) is equivalent to, say, shooting someone who is, in Mr. Rees's phrase, "an 'obvious,' walking-around human being"? I certainly don't; and I don't think the Western tradition does either.

The Catholic Church holds that the souls of unbaptized babies are in a different condition (*tertium quid*) from the souls of those who are old enough to have either accepted or rejected God's grace on their own account. And English common law puts, for example, a case in which a pregnant woman is beaten, causing her to miscarry, in a special category: graver than an ordinary case of assault and battery, but not as grave as murder (*tertium quid*).

What all of this is leading to is a position I suspect both Mr. Rees and Mr. Kilpatrick would deplore: I would forbid abortion in general, but permit it in certain cases, on the grounds that if you have a choice (and, *pace* Mr. Rees, there are choices when you *do* have to choose) be-

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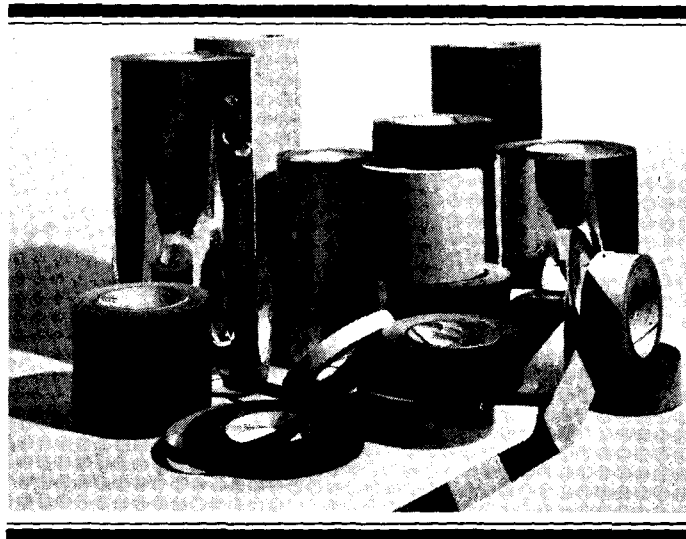
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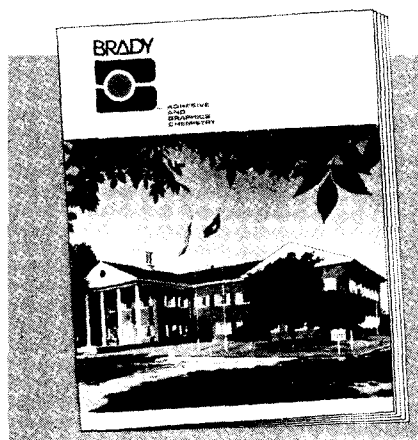
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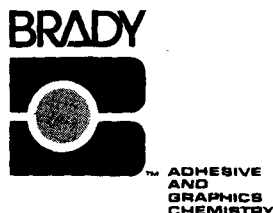
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tween an "obvious" human being and someone or something that is more of a "potential" human being, one must opt for the former. These cases are: 1) women who (because of heart disease, say) might well die if they tried to carry a child to term; and 2) women who had been raped and for whom having to carry the child is a reminder of that act (which is, next to murder itself, the gravest crime) could have severe, indeed fatal, psychological consequences.

And interestingly enough, that view which I consider the common-sense view is the same as the common-law rule which applied in many of our states until very recently.

Julie Wilcox
Chicago, Ill

The Priesthood

Mr. Christopher Larsen complains ["Letters," May 25] that the legal profession has not inflated the cost of health insurance. Perhaps he would care to comment on the current hassle in California regarding the attempt to levy car insurance on a statewide average of claims rather than retain the system that uses local accident rates. The problem is that car owners in the Los Angeles area are paying three to four times the rates paid by other Californians. Don't jump to the conclusion that drivers in that area are simply that bad. The problem is that three or four times as many accidents in L.A. involve an attorney somewhere along the line.

So there is currently a drive to double my insurance rates in the San Diego area in order to pay attorneys' fees in L.A. for those who are prone to sue everyone in sight for every dented bumper.

At one time the priests of the world ran things for us common folk. With incantations, spells, and a direct line to the local deity they took care of everything in this life and the next. Well, times have changed, but the priests are still with us. Today we call them attorneys.

William E. Ber
La Mesa, Cal

Prodigal Daughter

It is difficult to share NATIONAL REVIEW happiness with supposedly prodigal daughter Joan Baez ["The Week," June 8 at 22].

Her "open letter" to Hanoi makes clear that her disillusionment with the genocidal totalitarians she's so long loudly supported is, at best, extremely limited. The only practical effect of the letter is likely to be the enrichment of the publications in which it appeared.

The fatal consequences of Miss Baez's naïveté continue. Rather than remain in the homeland she helped make their prison, a thousand men, women, and children elect to flee each week as "boat people."

Thai and Philippine governments estimate their chances of survival at one in ten.

In a practical effort to reduce this staggering human toll, Food for the Hungry International, a world-recognized humanitarian organization, has outfitted the *SS Bamboo Cross*. This vessel sails the Gulf of Siam with supplies that make a life-and-death difference for at least some of the boat people.

The Indochinese-American Association, Inc. (IAAI), an all-volunteer, non-profit, grass-roots group, is raising funds specifically in support of the *Bamboo Cross*. So far, enough has been raised to support a physician for a year. Future projects, resources permitting, include support for additional crew members and purchase of medical supplies to alleviate the appalling conditions in refugee camps.

For further information, including a list of officers and an accounting of how much has been raised and how it has been spent, please write: Mrs. Pham Minh, Treasurer, IAAI, 5890 Newman Court, Sacramento, Calif. 95819.

Phil Jordan
Sacramento, Calif.

My Defenses

Ernest Mouton's summation of the fall of France ["The Orphans of '68," May 1968] fortifies the myth that the Maginot Line was broken by German armor "panzers . . . rolled over the Maginot Line"). It was outflanked by an assault through the Ardennes, which the French thought impassable by motorized vehicles. The Maginot Line was simply bypassed, instructing us that fixed defenses, no matter how formidable, cannot be relied on.

For 15 years, the United States has clung to a nuclear weapons strategy that is the equivalent of the Maginot Line—a dogma which presumed that a fixed number of immovable ICBMs could immobilize Soviet expansionists. Light German tanks crossed the frontier on May 10, 1940, not in June, as Mr. Mouton states. The war ended for France in June, 1940, not in May. It was decided in May, not within three weeks. There is a lesson for NATO in this celerity of conquest.

Thomas E. Reynolds
Washington, D.C.

Editor's Analysis?

Two commentaries on SALT ["What I Was All About" and "SALT II: Meeting of the Minds," June 22] were thoughtful, but neglected one important factor. There are circumstances, easily identifiable, in which the projected treaty would rationally be welcomed by the United States.

All one needs to do is assume that the U.S. does not, and will not over the next decade, devote as large a proportion of its national resources to nuclear and conventional defense as the Soviet Union. Will the public and its representatives balk at the provision of military power ahead of social programs?

If the American political culture has decayed this far, so that it is incapable of rational self-defense, then one can argue that any restrictions—no matter how modest or imperfectly observed—on Russian military development, testing, and deployment would be preferable to no restrictions.

John Bowling
Troy, Ala.

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William A. Rusher

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To the *New York Times*' liberal columnist Tom Wicker, on the other hand, Rusher is just "terrifyingly articulate."

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Read 'em and weep is the only possible White House reaction to the latest cascade of polls. Gallup: **Ford** beats **Carter** 50 to 43. ABC News/Harris: **Reagan** beats **Carter** 51 to 43, **Baker** beats **Carter** 46 to 45. (**Connally** runs 11 points behind the President.) . . . ABC News/Harris: 73 per cent of Americans give **Carter** a negative rating; **Nixon's** lowest rating was 71 per cent negative. . . . Harris: Only 38 per cent of Americans now call themselves **Democrats**; that figure was 51 per cent when **Carter** took office. (The Republican National Committee can read this one and weep too. While Democratic allegiance plunged, Republican allegiance didn't inch up a single point; it remains at 24 per cent. Independent ranks swelled.) . . . A thoughtful *Washington Post* analysis of **Kennedy** popularity figures indicates they may be inflated out of proportion. The *Post* points out that many who say they favor **Kennedy** over **Carter** "don't seem to be aware of how liberal Senator **Kennedy** is on most issues." . . . **Alan Baron** reports that when delegates to a meeting of the Association of Political Consultants—professional campaign managers—were polled recently in Baltimore, two-thirds (48 out of 72) thought **Carter** would be renominated. (**Kennedy** 21, **Brown** two, **Moynihan** one.)

■ Sen. **Howard Baker** was relatively polite about it, but firm. "My reply [to **Andrei Gromyko's** threats to the U.S. Senate on **SALT**] is that the Senate will work its will and the American Republic will survive and prosper without



Langdon, *Punch*

"I heard quite a few nice ones while I was there."

that advice from Russia." **Baker** says the treaty is unacceptable as now written. . . . **Barry Goldwater** was more forceful. "I don't give a goddamn what any Russian says about the U.S. Senate." His advice to **Byrd** on his trip to Moscow was "to tell **Gromyko** to go to hell." . . . *Pravda* didn't exactly help smooth ruffled feathers when it asked editorially: "When the senator [**Baker**] puts an ultimatum to a sovereign state, is this a serious, responsible approach? . . . After all, there is such a thing as a sense of proportion." . . . Back home, **Evans & Novak** say it ain't so that **Jimmy Carter** has the total support of the Joint Chiefs of Staff on **SALT II**.

■ Well, blow the man down. A recent Gallup poll taken in Chile shows that 67 per cent of the people approve the performance of the **Pinochet** govern-

ment, 33 disapprove or do not know; 70 per cent do not want elections now, 25 per cent do. What do Chileans think of **Pinochet** himself? Seventy per cent find him decent and humane, and 82 per cent find him capable and decisive. . . . According to the London *Sun Telegraph*, **Margaret Thatcher** government will resume diplomatic relations with Chile before the year is out. . . . **Thatcher** also indicates Britain will lift its sanctions on **Rwanda** in November when they expire: "We doubt very much whether a renewal will come through the British Parliament. . . . Singapore Foreign Minister **Sinnathamby Rajaratnam** charges that **Vietnam** launched a peaceful invasion of Southeast Asia by flooding

the area with refugees. "I believe it has begun in [this area]," he says. **Jean-Paul Sartre**, out of the limelight in recent years, made a public appearance last week to call on Western powers to accept immediately all Indochinese refugees. . . . Another set of refugees, those fleeing **Mainland China** to Hong Kong, have found a means of out-distancing Red Chinese border patrols. They fashion homemade rafts out of wood and use them to slip through the mangrove swamps.

■ Rep. **Phil Crane** suggests a national holiday, **Tax Liberation Day**, to be celebrated on the day of the week on which the average American is working for the government and not working for himself. It would have been June 9, this year, according to **Crane**.

THE WEEK

Prices are rising at an annual rate of 13.4 per cent, the federal minimum wage will rise to \$3.10 in January, there has been no increase in productivity and some analysts even expect it to decline, the Social Security tax will rise by \$4.5 billion in 1980, the federal deficit this year will approach \$40 billion, the GNP declined by some 2.7 per cent in the second quarter, the average worker's real purchasing power declined 3.3 per cent in the last 12 months, retail sales are 4 per cent below the December quarter, residential construction is down, the dollar has dropped 2 per cent in international exchange in recent weeks. Oh yes, and Idi Amin is in Washington, running the economy.

"Energy from the sun is clean and safe. It does not pollute our air, nor our water. It does not hold the risk of an accident, which may threaten the health or life of millions. There are no toxic wastes to dispose of." (Background report by the White House Press Office on solar energy, June 6, 1979.) A bet—15 years hence, the *Village Voice* will run five scare headlines, and *The New Yorker* will print thirty thousand words to demonstrate that solar collectors cause baldness and impotence. Side bet—three years thereafter, the leading Democratic politician will echo these sentiments.

Staughton Lynd isn't sorry. He has nothing to be sorry about. The grand marshal of Sixties antiwar marches has written to the *New York Times* to take a moderate position on the refugee problem, halfway between Baez and Mandela: "I believe Vietnamese Communism, like Communism in the Soviet Union, China, and Cuba, has improved life for the majority of the people while repressing minorities." You've got to remember the silent majority don't climb onto rafts and leaky freighters, right? However, knowing what the outcome has been, I would have opposed the Vietnam War. As we heard again and again from returning servicemen, regardless of their position on the war, the people of South Vietnam opposed American presence." Then a bit about napalm, and so on. We haven't taken any polls, but we don't recall minorities swarming out to sea to flee the B-52s and corruptrepressiveawful Thieu regime.

The House of Representatives has voted 241 to 180 to restrict stringently the use of federal funds for abortion. There is an even larger margin than the 201 to 155 vote that approved the Hyde amendment last year. The anti-

abortion movement continues to prosper, to the extent that the Supreme Court fails to find self-government unconstitutional. But the Court has now struck down a Massachusetts law requiring parental consent for a minor child's abortion, presumably on grounds that the Constitution forbids parents to act *in loco parentis*.

■ On July 2 the Supreme Court refused to review the June 24 ruling of a U.S. Court of Appeals. That ruling now stands, and the upshot is that the Carter Administration may now proceed to withhold federal contracts from companies that negotiate wage contracts that overstep Mr. Carter's "guidelines." The Court of Appeals decision, written by Judge J. Skelly Wright, rests on bad economics (it assumes that rising prices cause inflation) and a legal quibble (it argues that the threat of economic retaliation does not make compliance mandatory), but let that pass. We now start to live with the consequences, the first of which may be Mr. Carter's response to the recent wage contract negotiated for the rubber industry, a contract held to be "in probable violation" by the Council on Wage and Price Stability. Will Mr. Carter order the government to buy tires from Japan? Will he require automakers to do the same for autos they sell to the government? Incalculable consequences are a hallmark of bad law. By refusing to review, the Supreme Court left the door open for further challenge. The sooner the better.

■ In 1964, *New York Times v. Sullivan* shifted the burden of proof in libel suits involving famous people from mudslinger to mudslingee: "public figures" were required to prove "actual malice," or bear defamatory falsehoods in silence. Two Supreme Court decisions now reclaim some of the common-law landscape inundated by *Sullivan*. A Kalamazoo, Michigan scientist and the nephew of a Soviet spy had brought suit against Senator William Proxmire and *Reader's Digest*, respectively—the scientist for having received one of Proxmire's "Golden Fleece" awards, the spy's nephew for having been described as following in his uncle's footsteps. Lower courts defined both plaintiffs as "public figures," on the grounds that the scientist had taken federal grant money and published results in academic journals, while the spy's nephew had pleaded guilty to a charge of contempt. Nonsense, ruled the Court. Accepting government money, observed Chief Justice Burger, is not the same thing as thrusting one's "views into public controversy"; and a "person who engages in criminal conduct," wrote Justice Rehnquist, doesn't "automatically" become a public figure. One question—if criminals and federal grantees are outside the *Sullivan* ruling, who's left?

■ "Liberals have an almost unlimited capacity for hearing what they want to hear, and believing what they want to believe. They are forever imagining that they can con-

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

One of the principal products of the local economy is fantasy. It's a good business to be in—low material and labor costs, high profit margins, a regulatory policy of benign neglect. It has been our impression that any bright fellow with a good idea can go a long way in a short time. Take synthetic fuels, for instance. A speech planted with a friendly senator a think-piece for the *Post's* Outlook section, an ad urging accelerated R&D from a quickly congealed "citizens' group," and presto!—a solution to our energy problems that is pure fantasy.

Or take civil-service reform. If you are a bureaucrat with no more than two thumbs, you can run around town changing the names on doors, shifting personnel from one organizational box to another, muttering about austerity, and presto!—the fantasy is born that the federal ant colony, once surly and sluggish, is now lean and mean, dashing about doing the public's will.

Or take political analysis. On some dark night in the now-forgotten Sixties, a mischievous reporter slipped into his copy the phrase, "the liberal wing of the GOP." That phrase caught the eye of Nelson Rockefeller, who, to the astonishment of adults everywhere, espied there the opportunity of a lifetime. Rockefeller spent twenty years of his life and millions of petrodollars (talk about your windfall profits!) searching for that ornithological rarity, the left-winged GOP bird. He died thinking, we suspect, that it was still out there somewhere, flapping around in lazy circles over marginal congressional districts.

These thoughts were triggered by a phrase we caught sight of last week in

the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and *Time* magazine. In their coverage of the SALT II treaty, all three publications discerned hot political properties in "the conservative wing of the Democratic Party." Now understand, when these three publications certify a political phenomenon, it passes directly into the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, no questions asked. We can do nothing but clear our throat and ask with great deference, "Excuse me, sire, but to what conservative wing do you refer?"

The one they refer to, you may have guessed, is the Scoop Jackson—Pat Moynihan—Sam Nunn "wing" of the Democratic Party. Of the three, Sam Nunn is the most interesting and, in the context of the Senate debate on SALT II, the most influential. He is collecting adjectives like summer flowers from the megamedia—knowledgeable, conscientious, influential, independent, well-connected. Why, a casual reader might think that Sam Nunn's was the most important vote in the entire United States Senate. The thought has even crossed our mind, we confess, that the *Times* invests ink this precious only in those political properties from whom it expects dividends. Indeed, if we were letting it all hang out, we might even confess to supposing that a different set of adjectives would stick to Sam Nunn if he were going to vote against the treaty—intense, unpredictable, inflexible, hawkish.

Nunn's vote is important, no doubt about it. If he supports the treaty after cosmetic amendment—and the guess here is that he will—he could provide invaluable cover to other Southern Democrats. He could also provide cover to his Northern ally, Pat Moynihan, who plainly wants to vote for the treaty.

Despite the reports—leaked by Moynihan—of his hardline position in face-to-face talks with President Carter, Moynihan has been counted as treaty supporter on White House balustrades for months. We regret to find nothing in his Senate record to dispute that forecast.

Which leaves Scoop Jackson, a man who in his stunningly inept campaign for the 1976 nomination confirmed that he is always willing to put his country ahead of his narrow political interests. On this issue he is an old-fashioned patriot, volunteering to do the heavy lifting. Scoop Jackson is the conservative wing of the Democratic Party.

It seems a sad irony that with conservatism running at flood tide the Democratic Right turns out to have been more of a media ploy than a political movement. The party is under siege and may well be recaptured by a hard-left faction. As Kennedy I moved leftward to maintain a block angle on Carter, Brown has been compelled to move more leftward still, coming to rest recently in a milling mass of hippies, dippies, and national socialist California sources, who can be readily distinguished from national sources that they take Jerry Brown seriously. swear that the brains behind the Brown campaign belong to Tom Hayden. Think of it. In a decade when the American people shifted sharply to the right, Tom Hayden has moved from dock at the Chicago Seven trial to governor's mansion in Sacramento.

If we were re-shooting *The Graduate* for today's movie audience, we would take Dustin Hoffman out beside the swimming pool and have the babbler businessman say, "Young man, I have only one word to say to you. Fantasy." —C

vert popular heroes into propagandists for their own particular ideology." So writes David Broder of the ADA convention which recently dumped Carter in favor of Kennedy. He warns them that if Kennedy gets the nomination in 1980 it won't be "to vindicate the liberals' injured ideology, but to win." He predicts that two years into a Kennedy Presidency "many of the same liberals who are now trying to draft him would be on the stump, proclaiming that he had seduced and betrayed them."

■ The *Washington Post* took a poll of delegates to the 1976 Republican convention, and of Republican rank-

and-file, and came up with the following results: 1) Ford has picked up 11 per cent of Ford's old delegates while losing 27 per cent of his own (most of the seats have gone to Crane and Connally). 2) Asked which more important, ideological compatibility or winning, Connally supporters among the former delegates picked winning, 3 to 1 (Reagan and Crane supporters plumed for compatibility). 3) The rank-and-file went for Reagan (31 per cent), Baker (18 per cent), and Connally (10 per cent).

■ The family is still alive, but not very well. The Cer-

Fading Fast

As Jimmy moves from sun to shade,
His facial features seem to fade.
I see him on the screen, but he's
As fuzzy as a Roman frieze.
I think about the Cheshire cat
With whom poor Alice tried to chat;
Its grin remained when it was gone,
So Jimmy's teeth should linger on.

W. H. VON DREELE

ureau reports that a) the number of unmarried couples shacking up doubled from 1970 to 1978, while b) the divorce rate has *more* than doubled in recent years, approaching the record levels that followed World War II. What does it all mean? Robert Reinhold of the *New York Times* cites the obvious facts: divorce laws have been markedly relaxed in most states, and living in sin no longer carries the social stigma it used to. Young people are growing up with the notion that sex for its own sake is okay and that all personal relations are subject to revision. The number of shackers-up under 25 has increased more than eight times. And though even married couples are having fewer children nowadays, the number of children affected by divorce has tripled. No need to mind you of the abortion rates.

Looks like we may be in for another Iranian crisis, this time in Turkey. Prime Minister Ecevit is grumbling out our "ethnic lobbies" (a euphemism, this time, for Greeks) and shifting his attentions from the U.S. to the viet Union. He needs all the help he can get. Turkey has an annual inflation rate of 60 per cent; Kurds and other rebels are getting restive (and getting armed); additionalist Moslems are making Khomeini-style noises. It has been said of Italy that it is not a nation but a geographical figure of speech; the same may be true of Turkey, whose main city, Istanbul, is only dimly related to the rest of the country. The Soviets may deem it prudent to heat things up while we have a President whose tush is eminently whippable.

In marked contrast to his predecessor's policy, Britain's new Minister of State for Trade, Cecil Parkinson, has defined British commerce with South Africa as something not peripheral but "of central importance." He added, in reply to a recent question in the House of Commons, that the Conservative government would not be influenced by threats of other Commonwealth countries to carry out economic reprisals against Britain for this position. Parkinson said trade with other countries should be shaped, in the view of the new government, by commercial considerations, and not by the

political nature of their regimes. "This is the context within which our trading relationship with South Africa is and should continue to be determined," he explained.

■ Heard the latest Swedish joke? The Swedish parliament has approved legislation blocking the operation of any new nuclear power plants until a national referendum next March decides the future of nuclear power in Sweden. This, the Swedish Power Board estimates, will cost the country \$13 billion in terms of idle workers and equipment, and the power that must now be imported to replace the plants that would have been fueled between now and then. Question: Why wait for March for the referendum?

■ The EPA is not letting a little thing like the energy crisis stand in the way of new regulations calling for the analysis, daily inspection, and disposal in secure, guarded, fenced areas for twenty years, of oil-drilling mud and brine, at a cost estimated at \$45 billion, which happens to be more than the total profits of the whole oil industry, *before* Congress rips off most of it with the windfall profits tax.

■ Another milestone. Public debt—federal, state and local—has passed the \$1 trillion mark. \$10¹². One million millions of dollars. That's how much our so-called public so-called servants have spent—above and beyond what they have taxed and inflated away from you. Guess who's liable for the trillion dollar debt? Not public servants. Public debt figures do not include further liabilities mandated by law but not yet spent—at least \$5 trillion, much higher by some estimates, which exceeds all the wealth in the world. Nothing daunted, your so-called elected so-called representatives are busily spending the rest of the solar system.

■ Armand Maloumian, a French citizen, is suing the Soviet Union for reparations for seven years he spent in Russian jails after a bogus treason conviction in the early Fifties. If Maloumian wins, he will be entitled under Soviet law to two months' back pay, at 1948 wages. There are no provisions for class action suits.

■ Energy police moved swiftly to help nip the budding criminal career of one Glenn M. Heller. Department of Energy investigators accuse Mr. Heller, a service station operator in the Boston area, of violating the Federal Energy Crisis Perpetuation Act by offering to sell gasoline at \$1.54 a gallon. Now free on \$10,000 bond, Mr. Heller faces a \$10,000 fine and a year in the slammer if convicted.

■ Lawyers for the defense have stalled a Federal Trade Commission investigation of the high cost of legal services.

■ A House amendment to rename the proposed Department of Education the Department of Public Education (DOPE) got 52 ayes.

■ An entrepreneur in Spokane is marketing "Official U.S. Government Skylab Target" T-shirts, with the claim that you will be absolutely safe wearing one since the government can't hit what it's aiming at. Money back if you do get hit.

■ So what if this is the only country in the world with gasoline lines? Drivers aren't out on the road slaughtering each other, are they? Just stop your bitching.

■ URGENT PUBLIC NOTICE TO CONCERNED CITIZENS: If you can think of anything, anything whatsoever, any slightest detail, that the government has failed to do to make the energy crisis worse, please contact the Committee on Oversight, Department of Perpetual Energy Crisis (D'OPEC), Washington, D.C., TODAY.

Gromyko's Gun

The diplomatic style of Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko is direct and brutal. At a press conference in Moscow, speaking in English, he let us know that he considers us at least partly Finlandized. His style tells us what would be in store if that process went forward. The Foreign Minister was addressing the U.S. Senate on SALT II:

"I tell you frankly, it is impossible to resume negotiations. It would be the end of negotiations, the end, no matter what amendments would be made."

The Soviet Foreign Minister was addressing himself to the senior legislative body of a free people in the tones appropriate to von Ribbentrop addressing the helpless President Beneš of Czechoslovakia. Gromyko was saying, Approve SALT II—or else. Or else *no more negotiations*.

Perhaps ignorantly, perhaps not, Gromyko was addressing the Senate as if it were the legislature of Finland. *You must do this*. He delivered his open threat, ironically enough, as we approached the celebration of the Fourth of July, otherwise known as Independence Day. At this period of the year, Americans look up from the detail of their daily lives and remember that our free institutions were achieved in the teeth of foreign tyranny.

Andrei Gromyko, of course, is a cement-faced pol who has spent his life in a gangster atmosphere. He cannot be expected to understand representative institutions or a deliberative process. Unlike Gromyko's political peers, U.S. Senators do not pack shoulder holsters or nakedly lie, as Gromyko did to President Kennedy on the question of Soviet missiles in Cuba.

Soft Landings, Hard Landings

A three-point landing's best,
On two wheels and the skid;
It used to be the test
For how a fledgling did.
Crash landings are a trick
Which leave an expert numb.
With Jimmy at the stick,
Meat wagon, here we come.

W. H. VON DREE

No more negotiations. In the distance, one hears voice from the past. It is a strange voice, both guttural and shrill, rising to hysteria at times—"This is my territorial demand in Europe . . ." as translated in precise BBC accents.

No more negotiations. Those words, spoken by the Soviet Foreign Minister, represent a direct and no doubt authorized threat. But note: as in the 1930s, it also represents the tactic of the Big Bluff.

The Soviets have little choice but to negotiate. They have everything to gain by going full speed ahead with sophisticated weapons which the Soviets cannot match. Our answer to Gromyko should be the deployment of the neutron bomb, which would cancel the Soviet technological advantage in central Europe. If Gromyko and his gangster regime do not want any more negotiations, well, they can modernize the Chinese army.

Senator Byrd has undertaken to travel to Moscow to coach Gromyko on American habits. He is rumored to be taking along a copy of the Constitution, which Al J. Hiss forgot to snatch for his masters.

The Brown 'Candidacy'

California Governor Jerry Brown a) is expected to announce his presidential candidacy sometime this fall and, b) is nuts.

Brown's initial appeal outside California derived from the sense of surprise, indeed mystery, he conveys. It is interesting. But he's also flaky. He returned from safari with Linda Ronstadt and zigged left, appointing Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda to state commissions, kidding, and oh wow. As we move into a deep energy crisis—and the New England primaries occur in winter, when it's *cold* there—Brown is the anti-nuclear solar-power candidate. Solar power for New Hampshire sounds good around a pool in Beverly Hills.

For a long time, Brown was a Sixties Flake. He assumed a cosmic lotus position, went cha-cha-ing with César Chavez, and appointed several Martians to state posts. Then he was thunderstruck by Proposition

which he had always opposed, and came out for a constitutional convention to balance the federal budget. When he did that, however, all the millionaires with effector sunglasses suddenly dived into the pool and disappeared.

Brown doesn't know whether to run to the left or the right of Carter, but neither does Carter. So Brown is against both the MX missile and SALT II—what a cream. He has solid constituencies in Kenya and in Disneyland. The major crisis of his administration revolved around the question of whether to continue to give free attaché cases to officials of the state executive branch. Brown agonized over this for some time, ignoring several deadlines and losing his state millions in federal funds. Brown came out against the attaché cases.

During his last visit to New Hampshire, he alienated everyone. His campaign song will be disco music. His symbol will be a frisbee. When he runs against Carter, the interesting thing to see will be what happens when a totally weightless object hits a total vacuum.

Goldwater Wins

In its ruling on the *Weber* case, the Supreme Court turns back into the marsh of social engineering from which it took a few tentative steps in the *Bakke* decision. Brian Weber, a lab technician at the Kaiser Aluminum plant in Gramercy, Louisiana, had sued his bosses and the United Steelworkers of America, charging that racial quotas favorable to blacks in Kaiser's promotion program violated Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Two lower courts found Weber persuasive. The Supreme Court did not.

The majority's exegesis of Title VII would make a result envious. Because Sec. 703 (j) asserts that the Act does not "require" employers to give preferential treatment to employees on the basis of race, the majority de-

cided that employers might be "permitted" to do so—so long as the beneficiaries were black. Evidently, the Court had a temporary attack of glaucoma when it read Sec. 703 (d): "It shall be an unlawful employment practice for any employers . . . to discriminate against any individual because of his race, color, religion, sex, or national origin. . . ." Justice Rehnquist, dismayed by the hijinks, wrote a caustic dissent: "Not only is this reading outlandish, . . . it is totally belied by the Act's legislative history."

There was also a good deal of cant about the nature of the Kaiser plan—"voluntarily adopted by private parties," as the majority put it. And so it was—just as a man runs voluntarily from the path of a speeding car. The car in this case is Executive Order 11246 (Lyndon Johnson, 1965), which requires all federal contractors to follow Washington's current notions of racial integration. Kaiser set up its program under the threat of government pressure, and more companies will feel that pressure as a result of *Weber*. Weldon Rougeau, head of the Office of Federal Contract Compliance Programs, declared as much to the *New York Times*: "*Weber* . . . is going to give everybody an example of the kind of clout we have. . . . We are focusing on the insurance industry. Also energy, particularly coal mining. We think when there's growth, there are real opportunities."

It might be simpler if Congress would pass a Black Reparations Act—which is, in effect, what the Supreme Court is doing. But then what of the Fourteenth Amendment? Surveying the progressive debasement of Title VII, it looks more and more as if the non-racist opponents of the 1964 Civil Rights Act (e.g., Senator Goldwater) were right: Washington intervenes in the decisions of employers at its peril.

Lenin's Rope

The *New York Times* has got hold of a report to the Secretary of Defense from the American Embassy in Moscow, and guess what! Surprise! The Kama River truck plant, which the U.S. helped Russia construct, is producing engines for military trucks, armored personnel carriers, and assault vehicles. About 30 per cent of the plant's equipment came from U.S. firms such as IBM, Swindell-Dressler of Pittsburgh, and Ingersoll-Rand of Rockford, Illinois.

The Pentagon says that the U.S. helped out on the assumption that the plant would be used primarily to produce civilian trucks. But, of course—added the Pentagon spokesman—we weren't so stupid as to believe the complex could not be used for military purposes. In approving the sales, the Pentagon said, our basic consideration was that if we did not sell the rope, other Western nations would.

Representative Jonathan Bingham (D., N.Y.) and



Frell, The News-Press

Rothco

Enough Is Enough

It is all very well for President Carter to be apoplectic with rage against the OPEC powers. What is he going to do about it? What has he brought forth from Tokyo in the way of ideas to protect the American economy from being satellized by the Persian Gulf?

The official estimate is now entered: that the increase in the price of oil—60 per cent over the price at the beginning of the year—will account for 2.5 per cent of U.S. inflation. Very well, so we blame that 2.5 per cent inflation on the OPEC powers. On whom do we blame the other 10 per cent? If Mr. Carter wanted to punish the man principally responsible for this, he would commit suicide. He has been President for two and one-half years. *He* took over the Presidency at a time when inflation was down to 4 per cent, pledging to reduce it further. *He* submits the budget to Congress. *He* appointed the head of the Federal Reserve Board.

But although Carter's own policies, along with those of Congress and of the Fed, will result in five times as much damage to the American consumer as all of OPEC's depredations, Mr. Carter correctly perceives that something must be done to stop the gouging. Here with a plan:

1. The United States will contract with Saudi Arabia and, one would expect, with the Emirates and Kuwait, to purchase all the oil we want at \$12.50 cash per barrel, the figure to be increased once per year to reflect any inflation in the value of the dollar.

2. The difference between the figure of \$12.50 and the "world price" actually fetched by OPEC on other markets would be calculated at the end of the year, and a bond in that amount issued, payable 25 years later. I.e., the first bond would be redeemable in the year 2004, the second bond in 2005, etc.

3. These bonds would bear no interest. In lieu of paying interest, the United States would guarantee the defense of the Persian Gulf against aggression by any superpower. Since we are paying well over \$100 billion per year to contain the Soviet Union, which would long since have invaded the Persian Gulf but for U.S. military might, there is an instant sense of justice in the exchange.

4. The bonds payable beginning in 25 years would be paid only to non-revolutionary successor governments. That is to say, if Saudi Arabia's government were toppled by a coup d'état, the bond would instantly become

forfeit. Changes in government effected by liberalization by organic change—that is to say, any change not brought on by violence—would not affect the validity of U.S. Oil Bonds.

The United States would instantly decontrol its own oil and gas enterprises. No increases in taxation would be imposed, provided that the increased profit were devoted to the search for energy in any form. The increase in tax revenues to the Federal Government from a continuation of the present tax would be consigned to a crash program of exploration of alternative means of energy development of such a nature as private capital would not be likely to subsidize because of the exorbitant economic risk. The same approach we took toward the development of synthetic rubber during the Second World War.

The assumption is that within 25 years, the development of alternative sources of energy will have been successful. From revenues brought in from those sources we will accumulate the money necessary to redeem our 25-year bonds.

What we cannot do simultaneously is control inflation, develop new sources of energy, and pay out an additional \$20 or \$30 billion every year to the OPEC powers. These facts one must accept as axiomatic.

Ah, you will say, a splendid idea. All we need to do is get Saudi Arabia to agree.

That is the job of the United States Government. Here is what we have working for us: 1) The most formidable military technology in the world. 2) The only military machine capable of staying the Soviet Union. 3) Thirty-five billion dollars of Arab-owned assets. 4) Fifty billion dollars per year of revenues to OPEC oil countries even at the lower price. 5) A navy which can be made to control all access to Arab oil. And finally 6) A superpower, a few miles north of the Arabs, with which we once upon a time joined hands to consummate an imperiative common enterprise in Europe. An unpleasant thought, that; but unpleasant thoughts include going bankrupt, which the Administration's Mr. Barry Bonds now talks of as a possibility. What do we have for our sovereignty for, if in fact the future of our economy is going to be decided by a few sheiks meeting occasionally in Geneva?

(From a syndicated column by WFB J.)

Senator Adlai E. Stevenson (D., Ill.) are concerned that the rope is not being sold fast enough. They have introduced legislation that would speed the issuance of export licenses by removing the remaining barriers to the transfer of military technology. Oh well, why not? Having sold the armed forces of Marxism-Leninism the machinery with which to MIRV their missiles, the com-

puters with which to operate their ABM and air defense systems, and the mobility with which to overtake Europe, what's left? Besides, maybe there is a silver lining in the cloud. Once the Soviets have access to all our technology, the Administration can no longer quantitatively disarm us on the grounds that we are qualitatively superior.

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Fresh Look at the Draft

Difficulties with the volunteer army have led to proposals to re-institute Selective Service registration and even the draft. Senator Gary Hart of Colorado opposes both, and from a novel but also persuasive point of view. A military reformer and strategic philosopher, Hart thinks the draft would make us militarily weaker than we are now because it would reinforce an obsolete structure.

The U.S. Army, he pointed out in a recent speech in the Senate, wastes personnel. Its divisional structure is based on a World War II attrition/firepower doctrine which has been overtaken by demography and technology. It thus takes forty thousand soldiers to man and support a U.S. division, as compared with 25,000 to 28,000 in comparable modern armies. With an up-to-date "shock" or "maneuver" doctrine, the U.S. Army would need 300,000 fewer men to sustain its 19 divisions.

Even more fundamentally, Hart argues that the U.S., because of geography, is a sea and air power rather than a land power, and should apportion its resources accordingly. "A larger and more powerful Navy would . . . provide a military force better suited to our island geography, our worldwide economic interests, and even to the defense of NATO. Our European allies can generate the manpower NATO needs. . . . But only the United States can counter the growing Soviet navy."

Senator Hart has been arguing for some time that the U.S. needs a more efficient and mobile army, and greater investment in our naval and air forces. His position has been gaining adherents.

Political Illness

Kennedy's got a health plan, Carter's got a health plan, all God's politicians got health plans. Bob Dole, running hard up the middle of the road for the Republican nomination, has sponsored the Catastrophic Health Insurance and Medicare Improvements Act of 1979. Purpose: to guarantee catastrophic insurance coverage to all American families. Russell Long (a "conservative approach," quoth the *New York Times*) wants to pay medical costs above \$4,000 for hospital stays of more than sixty days. Jimmy Carter sees and raises; he plans to pick up the tab whenever medical costs rise above \$2,500 a year, with special provision for the poor, the elderly, and infants (born infants, to be sure). Total bill: \$24.3 billion. And then there was one . . . to wit, Teddy Kennedy, who will pay the whole bill for everyone, an expenditure restrained by maximum fees imposed on all hospitals and doctors. Kennedy's plan will cost \$35.7 billion, though he expects health costs to be less over the

years with his plan than without it. ("The health service was launched on a fallacy. First we were going to finance everything, cure the nation, and then spending would drop. That fallacy has been exposed."—Dr. David Owen, former Labor minister for health, *Sunday Times* [London], October 12, 1975.)

Even more disturbing, however, than the vast sums of money being bandied about is the convergence of almost all shades of political opinion. From the pinkest Democrat to the man who was Ford's sop to the conservative wing in 1976—everyone assumes that Washington, rather than patients and their insurance companies, should pay. Of course, the patients will pay—in quality, in time spent waiting for appointments, and every time they fill out their W-2 forms. But no one is going to tell them.

Education, Hanoi-Style

"Never have we had such proof of so many detainees, [not] in Moscow in 1917, nor in Madrid in 1939, nor in Paris or Rome in 1944, nor in Peking in 1949, nor in Havana in 1959, nor in Santiago in 1973." So says Jean Lacouture (quoted by Theodore Jacquency in *Worldview*, April 1977), French journalist and, during the Vietnam War, supporter of the Vietcong—referring to the 300,000 prisoners held in Vietnam's so-called "re-education" camps. From 60 to 85 per cent of the "educated" (i.e., those who have a high-school education or speak a foreign language) in Saigon have been sent to such camps. The curriculum: slow torture from malnutrition, malaria, and forced labor, including minefield sweeping—using human beings as mine-detectors.

Those Vietnamese remaining in the cities must live with the grim probability of being transported to a "new economic zone"—during 1976 one million people were relocated from Saigon to these rural areas; another eight million are slated to endure the same fate. On paper, new economic zones are pleasant rural areas developed by urban workers—the reality, according to refugees, is one of famine, epidemics, squalid living conditions, and complete servitude. All communications are controlled by the government; freedom of speech and of the press are of course extinct; religion is suppressed—Christianity, according to the new five-year plan, is scheduled to cease being observed by 1982. Buddhist monks immolate themselves, and an estimated three thousand Vietnamese each day risk their lives on the seas seeking freedom.

Cursory descriptions of the plight of the Vietnamese tell nothing of the deeper injuries done to a whole people living under tyranny; that task awaits a Solzhenitsyn. But the silence of so many of the old Vietnam lobby, which ridiculed the notion of a bloodbath, is unedifying. Will Rolf Hochhuth write a play about it?

Sons of Proposition 13

Summer is the season of idleness, when things go slow and kids play baseball and newsmen write backgrounders and think-pieces, trying, through the doldrums, to keep sensitive issues in the public eye. Unless the issue is the tax revolt—in which case, they announce that it has run out of steam.

The biggest beneficiary of the tax revolt in the year since Proposition 13 was undoubtedly the balanced-budget amendment. Thirty states—four short of the necessary two-thirds—have now passed resolutions calling for a constitutional convention to draft such an amendment. State legislatures are adjourning, and further action must wait till fall. “Balanced Budget Amendment Campaign Falters,” is how the *Washington Post* interprets the delay. George Snyder, of the National Taxpayers Union, suggests another perspective: “We need four more [states], and we’ve got twenty to shoot at.”

Proposition 13 sowed itself in other fields as well. Supporters of the tax limitation concept beat Howard Jarvis to the punch with a constitutional amendment in Tennessee; their lobbyists now round up sponsors on Capitol Hill for a national tax limitation amendment. Idaho and Nevada followed California with laws limiting property taxes to 1 per cent of market value. Kansas, Maryland, Indiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Vermont lowered their income taxes. Alabama, Massachusetts, Missouri, North Dakota, and South Dakota passed various tax-cut proposals. Minnesota enacted a new tax law which cut revenues \$712 million a year. Virginia, Kentucky, and New Mexico froze the amount that may be collected through property taxes. Wisconsin refunded a \$1-billion budget surplus, declared a two-month moratorium on payment of income taxes, and lowered its tax brackets. Arizona, Hawaii, Michigan, Texas, and Utah fixed spending limits. Illinois voters approved, by a 4 to 1 margin, an advisory referendum calling for a

spending ceiling. (“Vaunted Taxpayer Revolt Only a Skirmish So Far,” reads another headline in the *Washington Post*.)

The signs have not been lost on politicians, in spite of the best efforts of the *Post*. One year ago, the White House proposed \$13.6 billion in urban programs for fiscal years 1979 and 1980. This year, they trimmed the shopping list down to \$4.9 billion. Which shows, according to Richard Nathan of the Brookings Institution, “how far east” Proposition 13 has come. Not bad for a faltering collection of skirmishers.

Notes



Asides

■ Remarks, by WFB, on acknowledging the *Americanism Award of the Young Republican National Federation* at its annual convention, Orlando, Florida, June 23, 1979.

Mr. Stone, Ambassador Bush, Ladies and Gentlemen:

... Your achievements will, I trust, be measured concretely 18 months from now. What you are learning here is, among other things, the fine art of politics, and of course we know it is an art—Burke reminded us; and even Aristotle, who certainly would have turned it into a science if he could have. I know that I have a great deal to learn about the art of politics, to say nothing of the art of diplomacy, which I keep meaning to study one of these days. Among those things politics teaches you is: the use of *pull*. What the Russians—when Stalin isn’t looking—call *blat*. It would certainly be useful at the Hyatt House here. I know the President of the United States. I know the outgoing chairman of the Young Republican Federation, the estimable Roger Stone; and I know the incoming chairman, the silver-tongued Rick Abell, who shattered me in the car on the way back from the studio two hours ago, when I asked him if he had written out his speech for tomorrow—by telling me that he was leaving that responsibility to his speech-writer, thus putting us menials in our place.

I not only know your guest of honor, George Bush, I am in love with his wife. The very last time I saw George was on a summer day last July in a little camp in northern California to which we both belong. He was strolling toward the river to take a swim, a book in his hand. Any book? No. *Stained Glass*, by William F. Buckley Jr. I knew then that he was running for President, and that I would probably end up supporting him if and when an antecedent commitment of a dozen years’ standing should lapse—support George even if, as Rebecca West said



Garland, London Daily Telegraph

Rothco

about Anthony Eden, the trouble with him is that he has no redeeming defects. I know your guest Phil Crane, indeed I campaigned for him in his first race for Congress, and I am godfather to a son of his campaign manager—campaign manager as of yesterday, anyway. I haven't seen your guest Bob Dole for one whole week, when he was on *Firing Line*; when I thanked him for replacing my lost pass at the Convention in Kansas City in 1976 at a security-conscious entry gate manned by an Amazon, if that metaphor doesn't violate any taboo voted by your resolutions committee—thanked him for getting me in by the simple, spontaneous expedient of taking off his chain of credentials and pinning them on my lapel, so that I entered with the credentials of chairman of the Republican Convention.

Ah yes, I know all these luminaries—did I forget General Curtis LeMay? I know him too. But I do not know anybody important enough to get this blessed hotel to bring me a cup of coffee in the morning to my room. Perhaps George Bush will advise us, in due course, if the local manager of the Hyatt House was influenced by a Random Thought of Chairman Mao to the effect that he who asks for room service will be served by the silence of the tombs of our forefathers.

But believe me, even if I know nothing about politics as an instrument of self-service, I am happier than any of you can suspect to receive an Americanism Award, and therein lies a tale.

Years ago, I edited a book on the House Committee on Un-American Activities. That book, called *The Committee and Its Critics*, received mostly withering reviews, most memorably from Professor Henry Steele Commager, who wrote in the *New York Times*, "How—after all—can anyone say what Americanism is?" I was quite despondent for a while until I had a telephone call from Professor Sidney Hook, and he said to me: "Why don't you write a letter to the *New York Times* and ask how is it that, if Henry Steele Commager tells you you cannot say what Americanism is, Henry Steele Commager wrote a book which he called *The American Mind*?"

I thought that particularly witty, especially coming from an old socialist like Sidney Hook; and I have never quite forgotten the point he made with such oblique acuity. Two weeks ago I was on a television panel with

Father Robert Drinan, congressman from Massachusetts, along with Lou Harris, Elliot Richardson, and Herman Kahn, the chairman of which panel is a prominent member of the American Civil Liberties Union. Father Drinan described his tactics upon entering Congress. "I applied," he said, "for a seat on the House Committee on Un-American Activities, because I intended, once I got in, to move for the abolition of the Committee. And"—he winked benignly to his audience—"I succeeded." The chairman asked if I had any questions. "Yes," I said, "I'd like to ask Father Drinan whether he also succeeded in abolishing un-American activities?" His reply, in a spirit of charity, I shall treat as confessionally privileged.

So you see, in doing me this great honor you give me the opportunity to identify myself once again, athwart that most corrosive cynicism, with the position that our country and its ideals survive in a sense which is both definable and normative. I.e., it is intellectually possible to say, with historical authority, that this ideal and that ideal are American; and to say that, whatever the circumstantial problems of maintaining those ideals, they are, and will continue to be, normative. George Bush, who combines so skillfully a sense of realism with a sense of the meaning of America, spent much time in the bowels of the most finished totalitarian society in the world, the People's Republic of China. About China Edward Luttwak once wrote: You can make this distinction, when contrasting it with the Soviet Union. In the Soviet Union there is an infinitely long list of that which one is not permitted to do. In China, it works the other way. One is permitted to do *nothing*—except those things which one is permitted to do. The list, in other words, begins exactly the other way around.

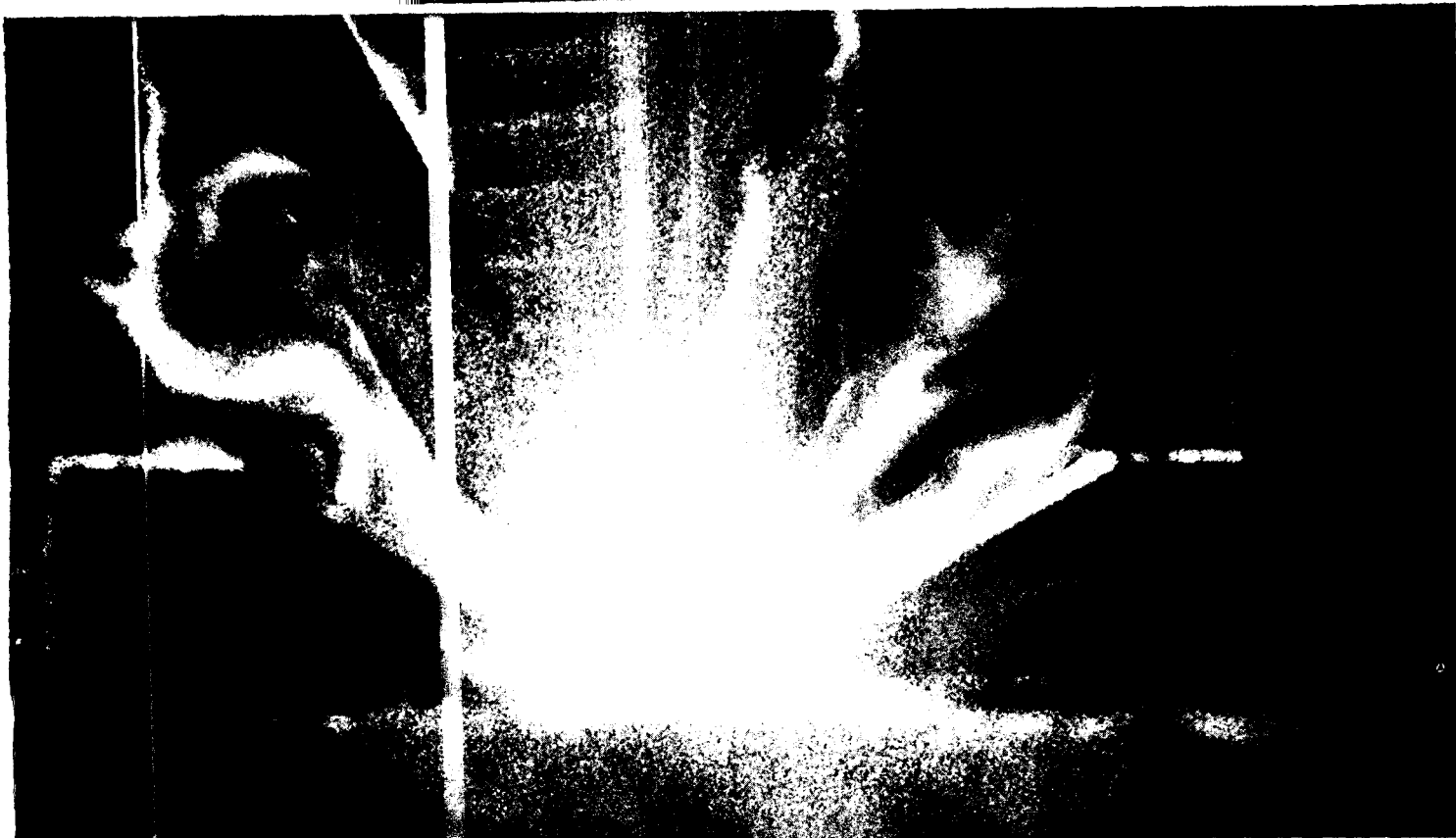
The Constitution of the United States, and in particular the Bill of Rights, is essentially a list of prohibitions: but it is a list of things that the government *cannot do to the people*. What a huge distinction: a majestic distinction. It grew out of a long, empirical journey, the eternal spark of which, of course, traces to Bethlehem, to that star that magnified man beyond any power of emperors and gold mines and legions of soldiers and slaves: a star that implanted in each one of us that essence that separates us from the beasts, and tells us that we were made in the image of God, and were meant to be free. America cannot presume to offer itself up, in a frenzy of moral vanity, as the secular reflection of the Incarnation. But America can say, as Lincoln did, that we are founded on a proposition: that government of the people, by the people, and for the people is of the nature of Americanism. That our ideals—never mind that we have given up sending the Marines to visit those ideals on Montezuma—are proudly ours. If I have contributed to the maintenance of those ideals, then I am happy and proud that you should have said so. If I haven't, then accept my word that any failure of mine is a failure of will and intelligence: and no reflection on the ideals of America or, let us pray, on your charity in thinking of me in the same august breath.

—WFB

Nobody Here but Us Chickens

Deep in the Urals and way underground,
There's been a noisy, dish-rattling sound.
Maybe it's Brezhnev preparing his tomb?
Anyway, it was one hell of a boom.
Richter scales tell us it couldn't be done
Under provisions assigned to SALT I.
That's why releases from Jimmy and Cy
Say it was just for the Fourth of July.

W. H. VON DREELE



The Atomic Bond.

Using tiny explosive charges, Western Electric engineers are bonding metals with the elemental "glue" of the Universe.

Here's how it works. The atoms of all metals have a natural attraction for one another. If it weren't for the ever-present film of impurities coating the surface — the oxides, nitrides, and absorbed gasses — all metal atoms would bond to each other when brought together.

Exploding Things Together.

But the force of a high-intensity explosion on two adjacent metals will clean away the film of impurities. The explosion literally "blows" the impurities off the surfaces. So the atoms of the different metals can bond together.

The bond that results is stronger than both of the metals themselves.

As an industrial technique, explosive bonding has proved valuable in the manufacture of such heavyweight products as bi-metallic gun barrels.

Pinpoint Explosions.

But how would explosives work in the delicate, intricate world of telephone circuitry?

Scientists at Western Electric's Engineering Research Center solved the problem by developing ways to miniaturize and control explosive bonding. Soon, they could splice the ends of two thin communications wires inside a miniature explosive-coated sleeve.

And they could repair tiny defective contacts on delicate circuit boards. These gold contacts (membrane-thin "fingers" 1/10 by 3/4 of an inch) are re clad by thin sheets of gold foil (.0005 inches thick),

coated with explosives. The repairs are literally "blown" onto the contacts, without disturbing the delicate circuitry less than 1/10 of an inch away.

Miniaturized explosive bonding is only one way we're helping your Bell Telephone Company hold down the cost of your telephone service today. For the future, it promises the benefits of bonding widely disparate metals and all sorts of other materials.

You Can Take It For Granted.

Most important, explosive bonds are contributing to the clarity of communications, the reliability of switching, the taken-for-granted assurance you have when you reach for your telephone.

The atomic bond — it's another innovation from Western Electric. *Keeping your communications system the best in the world.*



Western Electric

Joe Clark, the Unknown

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

I CAME TO Toronto at a time of optimism for conservatives. But it is truer to say that Conservative voters in Britain are pleased to see Mrs. Thatcher in power than to say the same of Canada's Conservatives and Mr. Joe Clark. For it could hardly be said that the Canadian people voted for Mr. Clark: those who did vote for his party (only 36 per cent of those who went to the polls) were mostly voting to get Pierre Trudeau out of power. A worthy cause, and no mistake, but not one on which to build a charismatic image for Mr. Clark.

I am concerned with Canada's domestic politics only insofar as they relate to the enduring theme of this column, but that is quite a lot. For if Mr. Clark, in his anonymous and youthful self-sufficiency, makes a mess of his opportunities, if he fails to restore an economy damaged by 16 years of creeping, and latterly galloping, Liberal-socialism, if he fails to contain the cultural separation of Quebec, if he fails to arrest the inroads of subversion, it will mean the collapse of the conservative dream. Above all, it will mean a fresh and stronger dose of Trudeauism.

Truly, Canada's problems are formidable. Although Trudeau himself is no separatist, his party swept the board in Quebec, where the Conservatives picked up only two seats. It is far from clear how the referendum early next year will go, and the prospect of an independent and impoverished Quebec north of the U.S. border is no more pleasing today than it was when the Liberals were in power. No less worrying is the twofold problem of subversion and Soviet espionage.

Gouzenko's 'Sleepers'

That Canada has been a major target for Soviet penetration has been known at least since the defecting cipher clerk, Igor Gouzenko, brought the Canadian authorities files leading to the uncovering of five espionage rings in the 1940s. But if the rings came to light, not all of the spies did. Some, said Gouzenko, were "sleepers" planted in the 1920s and still active decades later.

When a fire broke out in the Soviet embassy in 1958, KGB officers obstructed the firemen until they could remove incriminating evidence about their undiscovered networks in Canada. Every few years, a spy or two is detected and quietly removed (and Canada is far from exceptional in that respect). But the Vartanian case in February of last year started ripples that have still by no means spent themselves.

On paper, Igor Vartanian was a First Secretary in the Soviet embassy, in charge of cultural and sporting affairs. In reality, he headed a subversive network which had paid over \$30,000 to persuade an official of the RCMP (the Mounties) to give the KGB access to its security files. The exercise was exposed, however: the RCMP man had reported the Soviet overtures at the outset and received the cash under instructions from his superiors.

It has since been revealed that, in common with the U.S. and West Germany (among others), Canada suffers from a proliferation of agents masquerading as members of this Communist mission or that. Four times as many Soviet citizens (2,900) work in Canada today as did in 1965; and Hungarians, Bulgarians, and Czechs (in particular) supplement the activities of their Soviet overlords. This situation would be bad enough, but Canada suffers, in admittedly milder form, from the fatal disease which has destroyed the security apparatus of the United States in recent years. The Mounties, whose fame is legendary rather than mythical, have been under attack for alleged improprieties, including improper telephone taps, illegal entries, and cover-ups. Shades of Watergate!

Does the disease go deeper than meets the eye? Probably it does. The full truth, for instance, has not emerged about the so-called "Featherbed" file—a sequel to the 1946 Royal Commission to investigate the Gouzenko disclosures. "Featherbed" was instituted more recently, just before Trudeau came to power. It has been said, in whispers that tend to be uncomfortably loud at times, that many of those named in the secret findings of the Commission later came

to occupy senior positions in the civil service and in the Trudeau administration.

How many are still there? It is hard to say, but some of Mr. Clark's prominent supporters express disquiet at the fact that, upon coming to power, he summoned each of the 35 deputy ministers appointed by Trudeau years earlier and assured them that they were not about to find themselves unemployed. Under the Canadian system, the Prime Minister appoints these senior bureaucrats by Order in Council: in effect they are civil servants without ultimate security of tenure. What Mr. Clark has done is to give them that security. Unwisely? Who can tell?

Unwise Appointments?

If the new Prime Minister has thereby, in his bureaucratic infrastructure, leaned upon experience, he has been more adventurous (some would say rash) in his ministerial appointments. Young men in their twenties wield power. When Mr. Clark's choice as Minister for Economic Planning, Mr. R. de Cotret, 34, was defeated at the polls, the new PM appointed him a senator anyway. Greyer (and perhaps wiser) Conservative heads are shaking ruefully.

Even without the Soviet menace, the separatist forces in Quebec would be worrying enough. The hotter heads in Provincial Premier René Lévesque's entourage speak of the need for a citizen army and for a military deterrent against the rest of Canada. An independent Quebec would leave the important NATO naval base at Halifax outflanked. The early-warning system for the North American Air Defense Command in northern Quebec would be at risk, as would be the new generation of military aircraft due for production in Quebec's aviation plants.

The outsider can only hope—and, religiously, pray—that Joe Clark and his youthful team will a) grasp the magnitude of the problem they face, and b) tackle them with intelligence and vigour. But then, these are the wishes and prayers normally bestowed upon leaders newly in power. [

The Lost Cause of a PR Man

NORMAN L. WOLFSON

MY FIRST MEETING with Anastasio Somoza Debayle took place in July 1977. The meeting was in "The Bunker," his windowless, heavily fortified office. It was a disturbing meeting. I was there to review his problems with the media at the request of Jack Calkins, former White House aide to Jerry Ford, and Bill Cramer, ex-Florida congressman. Cramer was with me.

Somoza cut me off before I was finished. He told me I had walked into his office "with shit on my feet," that I had 'a hell of a nerve' trying to tell him how to handle his relations with the press. "Who are you to tell me I have to kiss Sulzberger's ass?" (I didn't tell him that; I explained that he had to explain his side of the story to the Sulzbergers of this world if he ever expected to be understood.) "You Americans sure give me a pain in the ass," were the last words I heard as I left. The man acted like a spoiled brat who had evolved into middle age, a know-it-all who asked for advice and couldn't take it, a boor, a rude, overbearing bully. I left impressed with his height, all six-foot-plus of him, the more than 250 pounds of heft, and the booming voice that pounded me as I sat in his presence. Yet, as I crossed the street to return to the Intercontinental Hotel, headquarters for most foreign visitors to dirty, paper-town Managua, I wished there had been a different outcome. He did fascinate me.

I had mixed emotions a few weeks later when the telephone rang at home and I was told, "El jefe wants to see you; there's plenty of work to be done so get to Managua first—say, tomorrow."

It was on this inauspicious footing that the relationship between one American public relations man and Anastasio Somoza started. I worked for him through most of 1978, during that year the following happened:

The Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN) carried out hit-and-miss attacks on small National Guard outposts throughout the country;

Pedro Joaquín Chamorro—perennial presidential candidate and head of the family that owns *La Prensa*, the opposition newspaper—was murdered on his way to the office, and the press handled as though Somoza had personally pulled the trigger.

Ninety per cent of the businessmen in Managua and substantial numbers throughout the rest of the nation went on

strike twice (disproving, clearly, the charge that the president owns all the businesses in the country) to force Somoza's resignation;

► All of the president's civilian opposition (and some of the not so civil) coalesced into the Broad Opposition Front, hoping to force Somoza from office;

► Sandinista terrorists captured the National Palace and held hundreds of politicians and a few score others hostage until paid \$500,000 in ransom and assured safe passage from the country;

► Members of the National Guard plotted a coup d'état to relieve Somoza of command in order to take a tougher stand against the opposition;

► The Sandinista tried to ignite a full-scale civil war with attacks on Masay, Matagalpa, Diriamba, Chinandega, Esteli, and León;

► Costa Rica severed relations with Nicaragua, while Panama and Venezuela openly advocated Somoza's overthrow.

1. The Press and Somoza

New York Times

Alan Riding, a *New York Times* correspondent and the most influential writer covering Somoza, would not claim that he goes out of his way to be fair to the president of Nicaragua.

On July 30, 1978, an article by Riding appeared in the Sunday *New York Times Magazine*. At the outset, Riding tried to establish that Somoza is an egomaniac. Riding stated that the airport, "like so many things in Nicaragua," is named "after the country's long-ruling president. . . ." The name of that airport is Las Mercedes. Riding made a correction months later.

He wrote that when some opposition leaders returned to Nicaragua from Costa Rica on July 5, 1978, they attracted cheering crowds a hundred thousand strong. Mr. Riding was not in Nicaragua July 5. I was, and so was the Associated Press.

Mr. Wolfson, former chairman of Norman, Lawrence, Patterson, and Farrell, a New York-based public relations firm, served President Anastasio Somoza Debayle of Nicaragua for a year and a half.

The AP representative reported that five thousand anti-Somoza demonstrators greeted the opposition leaders at the airport. Since I was with the president, my data came from official sources. Somoza was receiving regular bulletins from the airport for security reasons; the estimates he received—estimates he used to determine the kind of troop support that would be required to quell an uprising—had to be reasonably accurate. He was advised that there were between two thousand and twenty-five hundred people at the airport.

Let's assume that the president's intelligence underestimated the crowd (which is the opposite of what I think they would do in these circumstances) and that the AP hit the number on the head (when they usually err on the high side); then I feel it is fair to say Riding erred by roughly 2,000 per cent. Considering the impression the hundred thousand figure gave the world—for Riding is read around the globe—about the opposition to Somoza, I consider this a serious error. Riding doesn't, though. When questioned, he laughed and said, "My hundred thousand is at least as valid as Somoza's estimate of crowds that come to hear him speak"—estimates Riding knows are vastly exaggerated. When finally forced by the *Times* to defend the number, Riding altered the statement slightly, saying that the crowd at the airport, in Masaya, and along the road to Managua was a hundred thousand. In fact, the total crowd for the entire day throughout Nicaragua never reached five thousand. The protest petered out because of a lack of public interest.

I once arranged a luncheon with Somoza for Riding and some other reporters. The president was talkative, and all that he had to say at the time—since the world had been led to believe he was about to be toppled that January of 1978—was newsworthy. Consequently, when Somoza saw an article in the *Times* that carried only one paragraph about what he said to Riding and most of the rest devoted to charges by his opposition, he looked at me and shook his head. I normally don't complain to reporters; but this was too much. I confronted Riding. He answered, "Hell. That's more than I normally give him. Tell him that and he'll realize you did a good job. Christ, Somoza's opponents are already bitching about the break I gave him. I'll fix that the next time."

The secretary to Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, publisher of the *New York Times*, was sure a luncheon could be arranged there for President Somoza. That was her attitude when I first called her. But, after talking to her boss, she called me back: "On such short notice" (it was; I called her just a week ahead, with three days from which to choose) Mr. Sulzberger couldn't fit the president into his schedule. Then, bang, a few days later the *Times* slammed Somoza in an editorial.

At least the editorial contained some points I could debate. I took the tack that if the *Times* really wanted to be accurate and fair, Sulzberger should have met with Somoza before publishing the editorial. I began pressuring with calls and letters (some to the editor) until finally I was given a date in November, four months later. This didn't discourage me. No one else had even been able to accomplish this for Somoza. I accepted the date. Then the situation

went from bad to worse in Nicaragua, and Somoza canceled the meeting a few hours before it was to take place.

Washington Post

Karen deYoung of the *Washington Post* did a series of articles on the Sandinista Front based on interviews conducted at their camps in Costa Rica.

She presented a very warm picture of a woman named Nora. In spite of the fact that Nora was three months pregnant, she was training with the boys and ready, willing, and able to do her bit for the FSLN cause. At least that was the thrust of the deYoung piece. Informed people were aware that Nora had already done quite a bit for the Sandinista. She told Miss deYoung and a correspondent for Jack Anderson about the role she had played in the assassination of the second-ranking general in the Nicaraguan National Guard (a close friend of Somoza's).

According to the deYoung story "... she [Nora] invited him [the general] to her home, and as she met him in an embrace, her waiting comrades shot him through the head."

Anderson's correspondent got the story a bit differently—or at least wrote it differently—but the undaunted *Washington Post* carried both versions on different days. The Anderson column described a similar setting, but when Nora "enticed" the general to what promised to be their "first tryst," her comrades "slit" his throat.

I happened to have a pretty accurate report on what had actually taken place, and—as I advised the *Washington Post*, just in case that paper felt the facts might interest their readers—I offered coroners' photographs to support my data. The *Post* did not respond to my offer.

Here's what actually happened.

The general had been having an affair with Nora for close to a year. The Sandinista talked Nora into setting the general up for assassination.

On the assassination evening, like many other evenings, Nora did a lot more than embrace the man. Pictures of the scene show a very rumpled bed and a pair of lace panties cast off on the floor next to a pair of sandals. When the general's body was found, it was rolled up in a Sandinista flag. But he wasn't made a corpse by bullet or knife wounds. Nora and her companions had ice-picked him to death, after



puncturing his ears and picking out his eyes. They also castrated him and taped his penis and testicles inside his mouth.

Shifting to a less distasteful *Washington Post* experience, Miss deYoung wanted an exclusive interview with Somoza at another time, and, since I was out of Nicaragua, she reached me at home. I phoned the president and arranged a private luncheon the following day.

At the luncheon, Miss deYoung suddenly abandoned her line of questioning, turned to Somoza, and advised him: "Be a hero. Resign."

Somoza told me he damn near choked at her audacity. He must have really been shocked, because he went out of his way to complain about the incident to the American ambassador. Henceforth he referred to Karen deYoung in talks with me as "that tough broad."

Time Magazine

Meet Bernard Diederich and you feel you have met a correspondent with real class. He has the clean, austere looks and the fine voice of someone who might have spent a lot of time with the Cabots and the Lodges.

He works for *Time* magazine. And to him, *Time* is a weapon to use against his enemies.

Last September he wrote a piece in which he had a priest describe Somoza's reaction upon learning that the people of Esteli cheered when the FSLN entered town. At that very moment, according to the priest, Somoza decided to destroy the town. There is only one problem with this reporting. The priest is a violent Somoza enemy and would have no way of knowing what Somoza was thinking at any time.

Since I worked for the president, I also became an enemy in Diederich's eyes. He asked a man who worked for me in Nicaragua if "that prick Wolfson is treating you well." The man replied that he had no complaints. "Just tell me if he doesn't. I've got a file on that prick back in New York and I'd love to blast the shit out of him in the magazine." (He doesn't exactly talk like a Brahmin.)

ABC Radio and the Los Angeles Times

Reporter Kathy Hirsh, wife of a TV cameraman, made such an issue of her dislike for Somoza that when she had a drink or dinner with me, I paid for her out of my own pocket. She would not accept anything on a Somoza expense account. Bully. I suppose I should have respected this.

At any rate, the Nicaraguan strike was one of her first major assignments for ABC radio. About her performance, Leonard Greenwood, columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, said, "She is doing a fine job. Gets a lot of good stories. Of course, her bias shows. But, in spite of it, she sure is doing a fine job." Imagine a syndicated columnist for one of the biggest papers in the United States judging it "a fine job" even though "her bias shows." Somebody should have felt for the poor, misguided, and misinformed listeners to ABC radio. Greenwood himself was full of stories of atrocities of which Somoza was supposed to be responsible; he was constantly shaking his head in shame when he talked about Somoza's "repressive" acts. He told me he despised the man, and he rarely lost an opportunity to remind me or his colleagues of this fact. But Greenwood is enough of a profes-

sional to try hard to keep his own personal bias out of stories. Since he doesn't really succeed, he gets only a C for effort from me.

CBS and Cronkite's Man

George Natanson, a stringer for CBS and a man who has not infrequently appeared on Walter Cronkite's evening network news, is a very warm, very likable person. He is known to feel—though this is not for network consumption—that Fidel Castro could do a better job for Nicaragua than Somoza. How is he known to feel this way? He says it openly. So it is not surprising that in one of his first CBS newscasts, after Chamorro's assassination, Natanson predicted that Managua was about to fall to Somoza's opponents. As of a year and a half later, Managua is still standing and so is Somoza. But for at least a day this was not the expected outcome as far as CBS listeners were concerned.

60 Minutes

I'm no Nixon fan, but I can now imagine how he feels about Dan Rather. Rather was the interviewer on a *60 Minutes* Somoza piece that was aired in the early winter of 1978. Viewers saw Rather interview a Nicaraguan mother, who tearfully reported that Somoza tortured political prisoners. Rather, setting the most sincere look he has on that already sincere-looking face, said in effect: Are you sure, are you *sure* of what you are saying? Now, this is serious,

**Rather told Somoza what the lady said.
'Why should she tell me that?'
Rather demanded. Somoza snapped,
'Maybe she thinks you're stupid'**

it's going to be on the air. The lady nodded affirmatively. Rather looked like the completely objective newsman; truth had been served again by Dan Rather.

Here's what also was filmed during Rather's visit to Nicaragua that the viewers didn't see.

Rather, cameras grinding, told Somoza what the lady said.

Somoza said, Nuts.

Rather bore in: Why would she tell me that? he demanded. Somoza snapped, "Maybe she thinks you're stupid."

Even Rather laughed.

Then Rather named a prison, located within minutes of Somoza's office, and said he had been told there were torture chambers there.

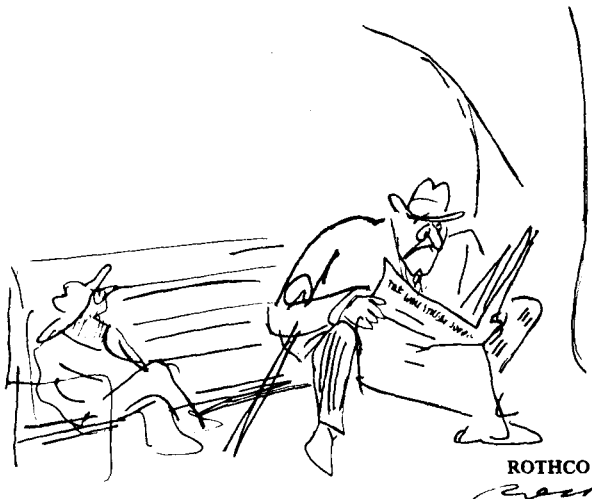
"Can I visit this prison right now?" Rather asked on camera, obviously thinking he had his man where he wanted him. "Sure," Somoza answered.

Off they went, Rather, his producer and crew. They found nothing. Any fair reporter, if he still felt justified in airing the woman's charge, would at least have felt obligated to show that the charge could not be corroborated.

Wall Street Journal

John W. Huey, a *Wall Street Journal* correspondent, teamed up with Jim Angle, representing National Public Radio, and

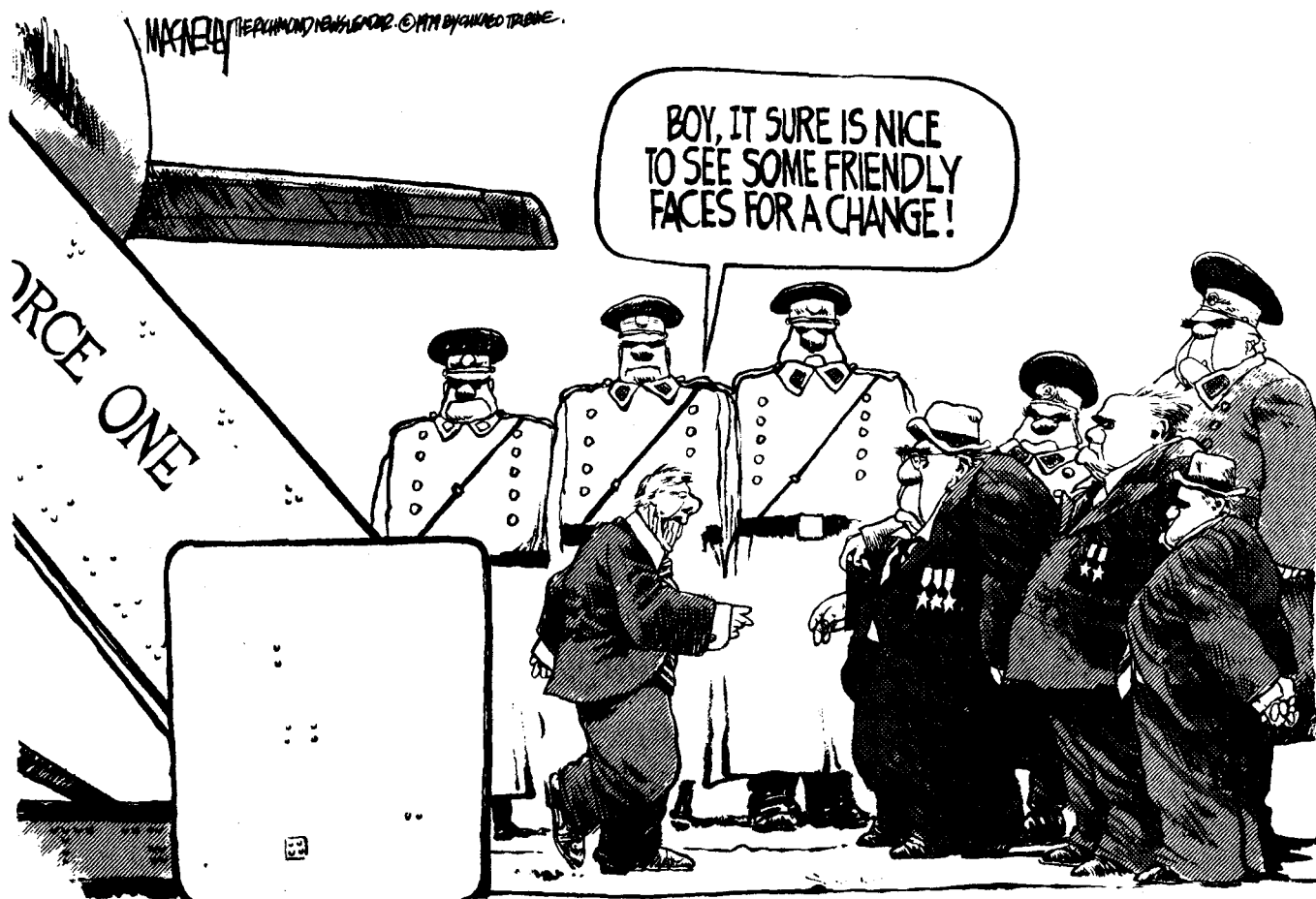
helo



"Yesterday the thrill of UP,
today the agony of DOWN."



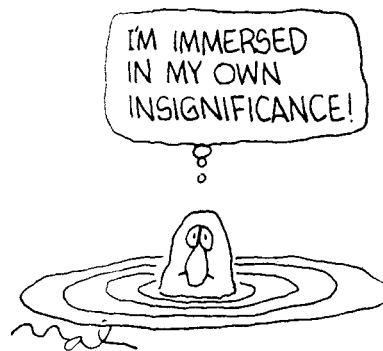
"There may be no such thing as a free lunch, Lew,
but be thankful there is still such a thing as
a free three-martini lunch."



Verifying SALT

The Ayatollah threw us out,
 So what's a spy to do?
 Why, ask the friendly Turks for clout
 With Uncle Sam's U-2.
 But Turkey gave this plan the works,
 And spies have since deduced
 That flocks of Jimmy Carter's Turks
 Are coming home to roost.

W. H. VON DREELE



"We're having this get-together in honor of the gallant fight our dollar is waging overseas."



BOB GORRELL 1979 THE NEWS PRESS ROTHCO

wrote a ditty about Somoza. It was crippling. The pair taped it and played it for the press corps during the cocktail hour. It brought down the house. Can anyone imagine that Huey and Angle were receptive to positive news about Somoza? They weren't.

I offered the editor and top management group at the *Journal* some time with Somoza. They were terribly busy. When I said they could pick their time, they saw no reason for meeting him. The paper's coverage of Nicaragua continued to feature what Somoza's opposition had to say, with no room for his response.

William F. Buckley

William F. Buckley is a real sybarite, and I enjoyed every one of the few minutes I spent with him trying to gain his support for Somoza. My effort was not a success, and this was a hard pill for the president to swallow.

The house that Buckley, his wife, his domestic staff, and his brace of Cavalier King Charles dogs occupy on upper Park Avenue is so rich it's breathtaking. In the first place, when one views the house from the street it gives the appearance of being a hundred-family apartment. But it isn't. It's just plain home to William F.*

The columnist agreed to meet with Somoza during the summer of 1978 and, after we shook hands on it, suggested

Somoza didn't like Chamorro. Anyone who was called names and insulted by Chamorro every day of the week and still liked the man would be a freak

that it be breakfast at the Buckley home. This pleased the president, who was looking forward to great things from the conservative columnist.

Somoza and I arrived at the house accompanied by a hell of a lot of Secret Service men (Buckley was impressed too; I know because he counted 16 of them and made this an item in a column he wrote about the visit a few months later). The three of us sat in a den for a while and small talk happened, with Buckley lapsing into very fluent Spanish from time to time and then returning to English in obvious deference to me.

We finally went into the dining room and dug into a lovely breakfast. (At least I did, for Somoza always eats before such meetings so that the food won't get in his way, and Buckley talked so much that he barely touched his food. If you are interested, the breakfast was fresh pulpy orange juice, moist scrambled eggs and crisp bacon, broken-open, toasted, and muchly buttered English muffins, and rich coffee.) Not too much was said about the Nicaraguan situation at first. Buckley was relating titillating incidents that took place on a recent visit to the Philippines. Then he recited a kooky experience he had with a guest on *Firing Line*, his television show. Then Buckley talked about the difference between political and personal freedom. At any rate, finally, without any prodding, or even a request, Buck-

ley said he would like to do a TV show with the president originating from Nicaragua. Mission accomplished, the president and I took our leave, and Somoza was extremely pleased.

Imagine how displeased he was when Buckley decided not to do the interview. The Buckley turndown came last September, and of all things he made the announcement to the world and to Somoza through a column. In the column he reviewed the strife that had taken place in Managua—Palace takeover, guerrilla attacks, etc.—and said to go there would be like visiting Bao Dai during the final days at Dienbienphu. He found Somoza guilty on all sorts of charges and then, generously, urged that the United States give him asylum if he resigned.

I teletyped the story to my client, wincing with every word. Then, I tried to reach Buckley, who was out of the city, to no avail. When he returned to the city, I tried to reach him once again—to no avail.

Somoza was crushed by the column.

NBC's Problem

An NBC-TV network crew flying to Managua in January 1978, to cover the national strike, met Somoza's oldest son, Tachito. They made the mistake of accepting his offer to help them while in the country. Help arrived in the form of a government station wagon. The car was immediately identified by the FSLN, and the NBC crew was marked as Somozista. The crew had a hard time and, on occasion, may have been in serious danger from mobs of roving toughs who were out to overthrow the president. Finally, NBC returned the vehicle, but the FSLN still was suspicious of them. In an effort to placate the FSLN, the NBC group offered to show clips of all of their footage to Somoza's opposition. On the surface this was understandable, but I thought it was a courtesy that no newsman would offer Somoza or his people. I also thought the situation ironic because, after George Natanson was replaced by David Dick as the CBS voice in Managua, NBC, in my opinion, carried the most biased footage. (Bernard Shaw of ABC-TV tried hardest of the three networks to be objective.)

I was having coffee with Ellen McKeefe, NBC-TV producer, one morning and she was still bitching about the trouble Somoza's opposition gave her and the crew. "Send those cruds over to me darling," I suggested, "I'll get you off the hook 'cause I know how you treat my boy."

"Oh, shit, I haven't been that bad to Somoza, have I, Norman?" she asked, half seriously.

She had as far as I was concerned.

Nick Thimmesch and Chamorro's Assassination

Somoza had nothing to do with the assassination of Chamorro, whose family owns *La Prensa*, and no one of substance has accused him of it, although the innuendo has been strong. This doesn't mean that some impulsive nut close to the president might not have been behind the man who pulled the trigger.

Somoza didn't like Chamorro. Anyone who was called names and insulted by Chamorro every day of the week and still liked the man would be a real freak. But, Somoza saw a value to him. In effect Chamorro was crying wolf too often to be effective, and Somoza recognized it. So

*The author evidently assumed that the entire apartment house, within which WFB's two-bedroom apartment is imbedded, was his. —ED.

Somoza used Chamorro. When Nick Thimmesch, of the *Los Angeles Times* syndicate, finished interviewing Somoza in December 1977, the president suggested Thimmesch be introduced to Chamorro. Thimmesch had already made this request. The Thimmesch-Chamorro meeting was arranged, and upon his return the correspondent said, "What a windbag!" Somoza apparently knew how to take advantage of the Chamorro overkill.

Somoza also considered Chamorro to be a bumbler and no threat, so he was not about to make a martyr out of him.

But there are many heads around the president of Nicaragua who do not think too clearly and are not capable of projecting very far into the future.

I am not impressed that within hours after the January 10, 1978 murder, suspects were arrested and confessed. On the contrary, the very speed of their apprehension—when so many people get away with a flock of crimes right under the nose of the National Guard, which also serves as the police force—is reason enough to question whether the jailed suspects are the real killers.

Somoza's Response

Somoza, a smart man, is pretty dumb about the press. In the first place, he thinks every man has his price. So he thinks the way to deal with the press is to buy it off. In his opinion, when a reporter comes to interview him, he has probably been bought off by someone—the Somoza team or the opposition—so it matters little what he says; the outcome of the story is a foregone conclusion.

There is some reason for Somoza feeling this way. In the part of the world where he lives (as a matter of fact, beginning in Mexico and going all the way to Argentina), I am told the only way home-townners deal with their local press is to buy it—and it works.

At any rate, although he seemed to be changing somewhat during the time I was exposed to him, Somoza has this deep-seated feeling that the press has its price, and so he treats it with disdain for the most part.

I think his low regard for the press is manifested in the

man Somoza has chosen for his press secretary, Raphael Cano. Cano, the head of a Nicaraguan television station, came up on the business side of the media. He has absolutely no concept of what news is or what makes news people tick. He thinks that the way to serve Somoza with the press is to isolate the president from them. He thinks the way to stop a reporter from writing a negative story about Somoza is to retaliate with a bad story about the reporter in the government paper. He is bad. He is incompetent. But, he's one of the cronies. He's one of the few who are always there after hours when the glasses are raised. And, while Somoza knows he is getting a press that grows worse and worse, he seems to figure he can't do much about it anyway. So Cano and his minions are kept on the payroll. And—although I never thought I would say this—for what little I think he can gain by handling the press properly, Somoza may be right in not trying to do much more than he does about it.

2. How Somoza Operates

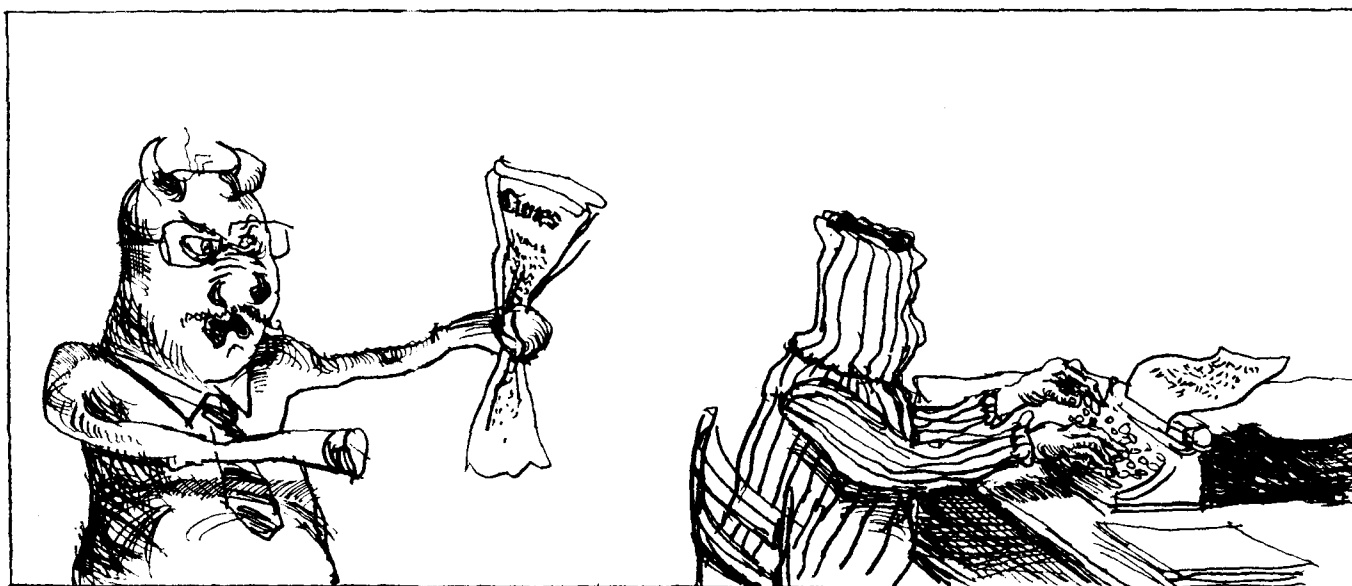
Any good public relations man knows it is best to stay behind the scenes, and he certainly tries hard to stay out of the press.

When I started working for Somoza, I was his consultant, and no one knew I was there. But, as I became more involved and saw the ineptness of the press people around him, my role changed. I finally took on the day-to-day duties of dealing with the press for Somoza. Toward the end, one could have said I was his foreign press secretary.

Unfortunately, when this happens, the PR man often becomes the vehicle by which news is communicated, and in the long run he becomes a part of the news. Eventually I became very visible.

A Friend of Somoza's

Probably the most influential and certainly the most interesting person around Somoza is Raymond Molina. Molina is an American in his mid-thirties, who was raised in Cuba. People who meet Molina but do not really know him seem to dislike him, either because they are jealous of him or be-



cause they think he is too pushy. To know him well is to understand and be fond of him. He is a man of fierce loyalty: fierce love of his friends and fierce hate of Communists and of anything that tilts in the least left. Fidel Castro took a home, a business, and about a million dollars away from Molina and later, after Molina participated in the Bay of Pigs, twice sentenced him to death before a firing squad.

Molina is one man who can see the president of Nicaragua at any time. He also can bring anyone with him he thinks the president should meet. That is power.

Somoza knows when to listen to Molina. He does not listen when Molina suggests that the foreign press be barred from the country. He doesn't heed Molina's advice to get tougher with his opposition. But he listens carefully when Molina reviews the temper of the United States Congress and when he identifies friend or foe in the State Department. Molina is also Somoza's unofficial ambassador with people at very high levels throughout the world.

This power, plus a directness and honesty that make Molina seem insensitive, makes him a hated man. Almost every member of the press I have dealt with in Nicaragua despises Molina. Nicaraguan society abides him because of his relationship with the president, but wishes it didn't have to.

While Molina is unquestionably a great asset to Somoza, he also is a thorn in his side as far as the press is concerned. If a reporter writes a negative story about Somoza (and few, if any, write positive stories about him), Molina is sure to accost him in the Intercontinental and chew him out in front of everybody. Believe me, this doesn't help the situation at all.

In other ways too, Molina's behavior at times is far from a tribute to Somoza.

Somoza, Molina, and another man were in business together. Molina had reason to believe that the third party had cheated them out of about a quarter of a million dollars. Somoza's approach to the matter would have been through legal channels. But Molina got wind of the situation first. He had a more basic solution. (All of his solutions are basic.) Seeing the culprit in the lobby of the Intercontinental Hotel, Molina dragged him up to his room,



where he was convinced (forcefully, I imagine) to admit to the theft. Molina then put the man in the elevator and said the Spanish equivalent of, Put up your dukes. Each time the elevator reached ground level, Molina pushed the eighth-floor button again, until he was satisfied that he had thoroughly convinced his former partner that crime does not pay. The story of this incident reached two people. First Somoza, who was infuriated and had Molina banned from his office until the fraud was proved, and that didn't happen for the better part of a year.

Second, Jack Anderson. All I can say is, Jack did a more thorough job of making mincemeat out of Molina than Molina did of his opponent. And while Jack chopped up Molina in his column, he splattered Somoza with gore from head to toe. Still Somoza sticks by his close friend and confidant. And, frankly, I think in the people area—where Somoza is prone to fall for “yes men”—the choice of Molina is a wise one.

3. Somoza and Money

Somoza is repeatedly accused of being greedy. He probably deserves that rap. At least I know that the value of a dollar is not lost on him.

The president finally admitted to a specific net worth in answer to a question about his wealth. On *60 Minutes* he estimated that his family had about \$100 million. This does not lessen his interest in practically every dime spent for the government, his businesses, and himself. He is said to make certain he gets his money's worth. Although he never personally accepted our firm's bills from me, I am told he went over each one, checking item by item meticulously, and asking questions about everything. I was advised once that he thought the expenses for the period of time I was in Managua during the general strike were out of order (the bar bill for three weeks with all the press—newspaper, radio, and TV, including crews—exceeded \$5,000). On our next meeting he greeted me with a snide comment about the bill, and I was caught with my guard down. He didn't wait for an answer. “I may be big, but I'm not that big,” he said scornfully (“big” clearly meaning wealthy), closing the subject after he was sure he had made his point.

Lump Sum

The monthly revenue Nicaragua generated for my firm was in the tens of thousands of dollars. Since Nicaragua had a reputation for being a no-payer (not justified, based on our agency's experience there), if a payment was a month behind our accountant grew nervous.

At one point in the spring of 1978, I was advised that Nicaragua owed a lot and that, if possible, I should do something about it on my next visit there.

I did.

Somoza and I were having lunch, and I told him my firm was having a cash-flow problem.

His furrowed brow told me he thought that was my concern, not his. (He doesn't have cash-flow problems, he once advised me.)

“But it's because you are behind a month's fee,” I added.

He pressed the button under his foot and Colonel Adonis Poros entered. Somoza snapped out some orders in Spanish.

When I left Somoza's dining-room and entered the reception room, I went to the office Poros occupied. He handed me bundles of hundred-dollar bills "out of the cigar box."

Carrying that kind of money, I checked several times to make certain that my hotel room was locked. I must have recounted it four or five times a day to make certain parts of it hadn't evaporated.

When I arrived in Miami a few days later it was near midnight. I was tired and rather than take a late flight to New York I decided to spend the night in Miami. I went to the home of a wealthy industrialist, a friend of long standing. Now, my friend has seen a few hundred-dollar bills circulating, but this lump sum really seemed to fascinate him. He photographed the bills on my bed, spread out in bundles on my arm and on the edge of a table, with my face behind them.

The Somoza office paid its bills (at least to my firm) in cash. I am told that some of his people figure the recipients won't have to declare the entire amount as income, so this is a way of paying them better. Our agency reported every dime Somoza paid up. Although I think we were very honest anyway, working for a foreign government that is in disfavor with the U.S. Administration makes one very aware that the Federal Government is watching every move you make.

A Shopping Expedition

One day in New York Somoza invited me to join him while he shopped for a special massage machine. We went into a store on 58th Street, near the Plaza Hotel. The retail price of the machine was \$3,000. Somoza haggled with the store-owner. Finally there was a handshake and Somoza nodded to me that it was time to go. He told me on the way out, victory spilling all over his face, that he had gotten the machine for \$1,500. I laughed. He laughed, too, but for a different reason. Then he snapped, "What are you laughing about? Think of the promotional value; he can say the president of Nicaragua bought one of those. Shit, that's worth a lot more than \$1,500 to the guy; I maybe should have charged him."

Business as Usual

All the talk about its being impossible to deal with Somoza in business is effective. One of my firm's clients is a large—one of the largest—U.S. corporation. While still handling Somoza I attended a meeting with one of its top three men. He told me that their international division had done business in Nicaragua once (something I knew) but decided to pull out because of the squeeze Somoza put on them (something which piqued my curiosity, since I was trying to find corroboration for this kind of charge against Somoza). "I'd sure like to know what Somoza did that forced you to pull out," I said, hoping the query would cause the executive to do exactly what he did, which was to call the head of the corporation's international division. I listened to one side of the conversation. It went like this:

"Have so-and-so here. That's OK. He's a PR. You're not expected to know him. He does some work for your buddy, Somoza. Correct. We pulled out of there, right, because that bastard was screwing us, right?" Then a pause, a long pause for listening. When he put down the phone

he averred there wasn't anything to tell. Somoza hadn't "screwed" them. As a matter of fact, he was "one of our kind" and "it was great doing business there." He was a "hell of a friend to the corporation," I was told, and, "It's too bad that every country we deal with isn't like Nicaragua." Closing the plant in Nicaragua turned out to have been an uncomplicated business decision: the market didn't exist for the product line they manufactured at prices which would allow a profit to the U.S. corporation.

Fascinating. Even at the highest levels in this giant corporation, when something went wrong in Nicaragua, a vital member of the management team had been so brainwashed by stories he had read, watched, and heard that he shot from the hip and blamed the Nicaraguan president for the problem.

4. Personal Impressions of Somoza

One night in New York, Somoza and his wife were joining friends for dinner at 21. She looked stunning. But his day had been a tedious one and his beard, never light, looked especially heavy when he stood next to Hope. "Tacho, you should shave before we go," she admonished him. "Fuck you," he said, gently turned her around, and steered her out the door for the dinner party.

His religion, Catholicism, is important to him, at least in a modern way. The day after the incident with Hope, I remarked that she certainly was beautiful. Pleased, he

How was he able to handle so many personal tragedies? 'You wouldn't want to be around here when I decide to topple those bastards,' he said

agreed, but added that she could be a "royal pain in the ass," just "too damned bossy, picks at me about everything." It being general knowledge that this was no longer a working marriage, I asked why he didn't divorce her. "Because of my religion and because of my position," were the answers. I asked the next question, "Which is the most important, religion or politics?" His answer—"Religion"—was emphatic.

Bugging and Spying

The coffee shop at the Intercontinental clears out about 3 P.M., after the late lunchers have finished. One day in August 1978, Alan Riding and I were the last two to leave. No one else was there.

I was ribbing him about his "objectivity" toward Somoza, and he retorted, half in jest, "You better be nice to me or when the shit hits the fan [when the FSLN takes over] I won't put in a good word for you."

Fifteen minutes later Somoza and I were meeting in the president's office. The president asked if it were true that Riding had said to me, "You better be nice to me or when the shit . . ." quoting Riding to the word.

"Christ yes," I said and showed that I was amazed that he knew it, knew it so fast, and had the precise words.

Somoza chuckled. Then he said, "I admire Riding in a way. He has the best sources. He really gets good stuff."

Since you seem to get along with him, maybe you will do a little special work for me? Riding always knows what's coming. Pass on anything you learn from him to me, will you?"

I explained that Riding wouldn't be fool enough to tell me anything. I then closed the conversation with the expression of my belief that I could serve Somoza much more beneficially as a public relations man than as a spy. My explanation was accepted, and the issue was never raised again.

Feelings

When my father died in March 1978, Somoza surprised me with his compassion. The first time I saw him after the memorial service, Somoza insisted that all of our business (and there was plenty) be put aside, and he went into a sensitive discussion about the relationship between his father and himself. He was demonstrating to me, in his own way, that he understood the gravity of my loss.

He can be wounded. I watched his reaction as a woman reporter made a scene trying to avoid being photographed with him. It was painful, although he tried to ignore the incident.

Some people have said he must be brave to stay on in the job. Somoza's life is in constant danger. I have said to him, "With all you have, wouldn't it be wise to quit Nicaragua while you can still enjoy life?" His response is that all the money in the world couldn't make up for not being president of his country.

He admits that he fears assassination. Yet he stays on. My estimate is that Somoza is a fatalist and is willing to take the risks along with what he considers the pleasures.

He is hurt about his relations with the United States. The way he looks at it, "An old friend has dropped me." But his feelings about the United States are mixed. He remembers and talks about being considered "a spick" when he was a young man. He repeats a story about a sign in a California park which read, "No dogs or spicks allowed." Still, in spite of the fact that at every convenient moment he makes it clear to visitors from America that he has been discriminated against in the United States, I think he considers himself a part of America. He likes to tell a story about a visit from Allen Dulles in the 1960s, while Dulles was head of the CIA. Dulles asked him for the use of Nicaragua as the launching pad for the Bay of Pigs invasion. Dulles was stunned, according to the president, when Somoza answered simply, "Sure, go ahead." After a heavy silence, Dulles asked, "Well, what do you want in return?" Somoza claims he answered, "Nothing; our countries are like brothers, aren't they?"

He is proud and he is vain. He thinks his English is good, which it is for a casual conversation. Competent enough to handle rapid questions from the press, it is not; my concern is that he rarely fully understands what is asked of him in English in press conferences. This brings about instances where he gives an answer which he might not have chosen if he understood the nuances of the language. During an appearance on the *MacNeil-Lehrer Report*, this problem was very evident to those who know Somoza.

As an administrator also, Somoza may be wanting. The impression is created that no decisions are made in the country without his input; nothing seems to be delegated. As a

result, people who want action in Nicaragua know they must see Somoza. But he is not that available. Thus, it stands to reason that much is left undone or delayed. His life is one large series of meetings. It is not unusual for a person who has an appointment with him on, say, Thursday to be forced to wait around until Monday or Tuesday. I know; that's the way it was when we first started working together.

Once, after Somoza was told that a close friend in the Guard had been murdered, I asked how he was able to handle so many personal tragedies without breaking in some way. He turned to me and set his jaw. "You wouldn't want to be around here when I decide to topple those bastards." He was right.

In another instance, following a session during which I thought he allowed his personal dislike for a reporter to color the interview, I criticized him. "You must be stupid," he said. "I wonder if you have any idea of what I'd give to get these hands on that guy's balls?" As one of his hands strangled the other, his blood vessels looked like cables.

He is a jumble of contradictions. At one point a dozen National Guard officers plotted a coup. They had decided that Somoza's heart attack the previous year had softened him and that he could no longer run the country. Actually, Somoza's internal intelligence network knew about the plan for months before he acted to smother it. Now, this

What it did show was that at this time in his life, and at least as long as I knew Somoza, murder was not part of his repertoire

was a situation where the world would have understood if Somoza had ordered these men executed as traitors. In fact, he didn't send one of them to the firing squad, and, actually, most of them have been reinstated to their former rank in the Guard.

Although I wasn't present at the time, I have this story from a reliable source. Last summer a Guard general, supported by several cabinet members, urged Somoza to use the defense of Esteli, León, and other cities as a cover for executing the brain trust of the Sandinista movement. They argued that during the clean-up operation in these population centers, it would be simple to round up the troublemakers, put bullets in their heads, and be rid of much of the source of violent dissent. Somoza is reported to have smiled appreciatively, but then explained that matters could not be handled so simply and dismissed the recommendation. Later, as the meeting was closing, I am told he cautioned the general that he would be held accountable if any such massacre occurred.

Of course, this story does not convince me that Somoza gave a damn about the welfare of the Sandinista youth. What it did show was that he didn't want actions which could be described by the press or in diplomatic circles as brutality. Whatever the reason, at this time in his life, and at least as long as I knew him, murder was not part of his repertoire.

Last fall, however, there apparently were some massacres similar to those proposed by the general. When I asked

about this, I was told it was the Sandinista in Guard uniforms who committed the atrocities, knowing that Somoza would be blamed. This possibility cannot be discounted. But the National Guard, I am also convinced, ignored Somoza's directives and took matters into its own hands. When they moved into these cities—having watched their comrades being wounded and killed—they obviously said the hell with it; they knew who the enemies were, had their names and addresses in writing, and decided to wipe them out once and for all, willing at the moment to gamble that Somoza wouldn't punish them. There were no consequences. Somoza was powerless to do anything about the atrocities as long as he wanted continued military support.

5. The Dangerous Life of a Somoza PR Man

I was aware of only two times when my life was actually threatened. The first came in February and the second at the end of August 1978.

It was in early February 1978, after the municipal elections had taken place in Nicaragua and the first general strike against Somoza had failed, that *La Prensa*, the leftist newspaper, started referring to me as "the American mercenary in the green sweater." (I wore sweaters and slacks and moccasins without socks while there—causing some comment, since I was often seen with the president who was in suit and tie.) Also, unbeknownst to me at the time, the FSLN had marked me for assassination, making me the last (newest) name on the 12-man list of enemies published by university students. And, also unknown to me, Radio Havana was mentioning me daily, and this meant it would be a feather in the cap of anyone who killed me.

The thought of danger was far from my mind when I planned a fishing trip one February morning. I talked to Somoza about my plans and he lent me a yacht, the *Carla*. It was berthed in San Juan del Sol, a West Coast port, about thirty miles from Managua. Kernan Turner and Hal Moore of the AP, Patricia Alisau of the *Journal of Commerce*, and Neil Cunningham, a TV producer, joined me.

We decided to leave the Intercontinental at 4 A.M. I ordered fried chicken, Cokes, and beer to take along, almost a fatal mistake.

Hal Moore drove. As we approached the town of Diriamba, a hotbed of FSLN activity, we saw a large blockade in the middle of the main street, one that we doubted, from a distance of approximately a quarter of a mile, we could get around. (It was about 4:30 in the morning.) We stopped for a minute. Then Hal started the car again, turned right down a side street, turned left into another street that paralleled the main street, and proceeded. Another half-mile, and ahead of us there was a second barricade. We stopped. The question was whether to go ahead or turn around and give up our day of fishing. I was beginning to feel edgy. But, not wanting to show it, I didn't disagree with the decision to go ahead.

Then it happened.

As we neared the roadblock (about one hundred yards away), a masked figure moved out in front of it. He then went to the side of the barricade and lifted a pole as though to allow us through. Hal moved the car ahead. When we were within ten feet of the barricade, the figure allowed the pole to fall back into place and stepped in front of the car;

as though a curtain had been raised, the street around the car filled with hooded young people. We were surrounded. I noticed that two of them held large jugs of a clear fluid. Molotov cocktails! Others clenched clubs. I saw no guns.

One of them banged against Hal's window, and he rolled it down. I don't speak Spanish, so at the moment I did not know what was being said. It was hostile, though, and obviously Hal was pleading for understanding of his role as a member of the press. Later he told me he was telling the group that the function of the press was to tell the world of the great job the Sandinista were doing. I also learned later that they asked if the American mercenary with the green sweater was coming in another car. Had I understood this question, I would probably have died of a heart attack, for I was wearing my green sweater. It wasn't recognized because under the weird street-light it looked an orangish color. One of the guerrillas banged on my window. His face—hooded, with only slits for his eyes and a noose-like rope



around his neck that kept the cloth in place—was just inches from mine. He motioned for me to roll down my window, as I was in the front seat on the passenger side. I didn't want to do that, so I muttered, "No hablo español," truthfully, although certainly I knew what he wanted. He banged on the window again and motioned to open it. I repeated my statement and looked away muttering under my breath to Hal, "Gun it, goddam it; let's take a chance and get out of here." I was desperate.

Hal motioned me to stay cool. "Be quiet," he almost whispered and then continued talking with the Sandinista. I noticed that the tone of the conversation had warmed. I later learned that at this point they were asking whether we had any arms. They wanted guns. We weren't armed. I also was told they were going to ask us to open the trunk (where the food was) to search for guns, but Hal talked them out of this. Finally, it ended as suddenly as it had started and we were motioned on.

"Kernan Turner said, "Jesus, that was close." Then, with a hand on my shoulder, he said "Do you realize if they had got you it would have been the biggest story of my life?" I did.

I remembered that I had forgotten my wallet, a good thing if they had frisked us. Cunningham laughed and said, If they'd opened the trunk and spotted the food, you were a dead man anyway. There was a bill stapled to the box of food made out to WOLFSON, Room 617, Intercontinental Hotel.

The second time my life was in danger and I was aware of it came in the final days of August 1978.

The FSLN was playing havoc in all Nicaraguan cities, and the worldwide press was headquartered at the Intercontinental, literally waiting for Somoza to fall. The president, having been badly bitten by the representatives of the fourth estate, was no longer anxious to meet with any of them, so I began to fill a new role, serving as spokesman for the Nicaraguan leader with the foreign press.

On the last Thursday of August, my usual close-of-the-day session with the president was at around 9 P.M., a bit later than usual. It finished, I walked from "The Bunker," through the guards, and across the street to the hotel. Practically all of the press was in the bar having a drink or in the dining room or cafeteria eating. Word quickly reached everyone that I had returned for the briefing. So, as I sat down in the café, I was quickly knee-deep in reporters.

I noticed two unshaven and rather seedy-looking hombres circulating among the reporters and whispering to them. They were telling the press not to take notes, that I was a liar, and that I was being paid \$100,000 a month to mislead them. (A bit of an exaggeration on all counts.) Their purpose was to distract the press from me, and more. They were there to set me up for an assassination, as I later learned.

Molina, Somoza's confidant; Molina's bodyguard, Cantillo; and his driver, whose name I should but cannot remember, were having a drink in the bar while I was meeting with the president. The driver, whose social status dictated that he sit alone, overheard a group of four men discussing a

I couldn't believe it. Cantillo playing cowboys and Indians while my potential killers were waiting across the room to get at me

plot to kill me. The plan was for two of them to draw me into an argument, drag me outside the door, and have the third throw a homemade bomb at my feet. The job accomplished, the fourth would drive them off into the hills. The two who were harassing me at the press briefing were trying to get the argument started. The driver reported the plan to Molina and the bodyguard.

As soon as the press briefing ended, I was grabbed by Molina and Cantillo. Cantillo had a pistol drawn. They manhandled me over to a table occupied by a correspondent for the *Reader's Digest* and then told me what was happening. This done, they both calmly ordered dinner. My appetite had gone somewhere else, so I just ordered a beer. But even that I couldn't handle, especially when I noticed that

both of them had revolvers drawn. My sweat production increased by the second. I was sitting with my back to the room, so I could see nothing. But Cantillo was playing a game of staring down my would-be assassins. Molina, who is happiest when he thinks the enemy is close, was busy "selling" the *Reader's Digest* correspondent (the story which appeared later showed that the *Digest* man wasn't buying) a long story on Communist Cuba's plan to take over Central America by first knocking off Somoza. I couldn't believe it. Molina playing public relations and Cantillo playing cowboys and Indians while my potential killers were waiting across the room to get at me. To top it off, the food came and they started to eat.

I began to feel terror, and it was expressed as anger. I called Molina a "pain in the ass" and told him to cut the meal short and get me out of the dining-room, I'd "had enough of this shit!"

I was staying at the Intercontinental. For security reasons I was given two different rooms each day, one for the A.M. hours and one for nights. Aside from myself, the only person who knew what room I was in was the manager. I wanted to get to my hideaway room as quickly as possible. No, Molina told me, you can't stay at the hotel anymore. (He also knew that the Sandinista were planning an attack on Managua within a few days and that the hotel was a target.) Reluctantly, Molina and Cantillo gave up their food. They thought it was the right moment to get me out of the hotel, into a car, and to a hiding place. Surrounded, at least three-quarters of the way, by Molina, the bodyguard, and the driver, I was steered out of the side door of the hotel and into Molina's car. We pulled away from the hotel at what I thought was a pretty great speed. But another car, with its lights off, pulled out and stayed right behind us.

Our driver made a sharp right, then another right, and then four or five more turns in a row. Then he stopped. The other car appeared around the corner behind us. Molina passed the driver a submachine gun. The bodyguard already had one. Molina raised a sawed-off shotgun. Both windows on the left-hand side of the car were rolled down. I sat unarmed, rigid, and really too stunned to think fast enough to get down. The other car slowly drew up alongside. When they were right next to us, the driver of our car and the bodyguard raised their machine guns and pointed them out the windows so they could be seen by our pursuers. That other car took off and disappeared with yelling tires. I came a bit unrigged and sank back into the seat.

We continued driving, making turns, doubling back and forth, and finally, at least a half-hour later, pulled up at a house in a suburban neighborhood that they called a safe house. Another man with a shotgun opened the gate and let us in. Two very unfriendly German shepherds, both behind a fence that ran around the inside periphery of the gardens next to the house, snarled at us. We went indoors and I was shown my room. Then Molina handed me a machine gun and said, "You better sleep with this."

I sat down, still shaken and tired but too tense, I thought, to sleep. How did I ever allow myself to get into this? I'll never sleep. Then I came up with a partial solution. I tugged at the mattress on my bed, got it off, dragged it down the hall and into Molina's room, allowing it to fall at the foot of his bed. Molina looked at me and laughed. "OK," he said.

"If they break in, all the lights will be out. Every ten seconds call out your name so I know where you are, and then I won't shoot you. If they get me it's reasonable to figure we are outnumbered. Kick this window out. Jump. Then make sure you kill the attack dogs before they kill you. And run for your fucking life."

I asked where Cantillo was. I was advised that he had left to get the bastard that was the hit man on me.

Then the next morning when I awakened I couldn't believe it; I had slept like a dead man. When I met the president for breakfast, he ordered me to return to the United States. He said, "They are closing in on you. I love you, but every time you're here, there's trouble. [As though it was my fault.] I'll enjoy seeing you in New York." I told him it was too late to get a commercial flight. He called an aide. "Get him a plane!"

Toward the end of my relationship with Somoza, the mounting pressure on me had a strange effect.

I began dreading every trip to Managua. If a car passed my house slowly, I wondered whether I was about to hear a bomb explode. I began wincing when I turned the ignition key in the car. I dreamed of the way the FSLN would execute me, if they succeeded in getting to me.

Then a peculiar thing happened. On a trip to Managua I stopped over in Guatemala. There I learned that the airport in Managua was closed because of the Palace takeover. I took a room in town at the Camino Real, planning to try again the next morning. Early the next morning, I awoke with a chill and in a cold sweat. I had what seemed like a raging temperature. When that went away, I was hit with the first ulcer attack I had suffered in three years. In misery I boarded a plane and flew back to the United States.

A few weeks later I was in Washington to do some National Educational Radio and other interview shows on Nicaragua. The fever hit again, and this time a doctor confirmed it—I had a bona-fide 102-plus fever. Six hours later it was gone.

One more week. Another trip to Nicaragua planned. Another fever. Finally the medical experts guessed the answer might be malaria.

I decided I was finished working for Nicaragua—or rather, the pressure my wife put on me forced the decision. From the moment of that decision to this day, I have not had a fever or an ulcer attack.

After my wife forced me to stop going to Nicaragua, some unusual things happened. Ray Molina started bearing down on me to get me back there. As a matter of fact, he put so much pressure on that once, while I was in Guatemala on other business, I decided to take a flight into Managua for a meeting with him and Somoza, planning to return on the afternoon flight. I could accomplish this without telling the spouse. I couldn't reach Molina or Somoza, however, so the plan was aborted; there was no way I would get off at that airport without adequate security.

But the pressures to return mounted. I refused to go down for the *60 Minutes* interview. (I was in Paris and London the week before the interview, so that gave me a reasonable excuse.) Then I rebuffed a flock of other invitations to go back and see the leader.

At this point Molina and the agency were having a small dispute about some \$60,000 (since settled to a large extent).

Molina apparently had \$30,000 of the money ready to pay, but refused to turn over the funds without a letter releasing him from the balance of the debt. Naturally, I refused to sign such a letter. So Molina had a brilliant idea. His wife would hand the money to anyone I designated at the Miami airport, just as long as I boarded the Lanica flight to Managua with him.

This really gave me a chill.

What could make Molina want to get me back to Managua so much?

I had heard the Managua hot-heads say they would kill

He told me that I misread the man.

'He likes you, right. But he'd put a bullet right between your eyes if I told him to kill you'

anyone in Nicaragua and not worry about the consequences, but they would never murder anyone in the United States. Was this the case?

I once said to Molina that it was hard for me to believe that his bodyguard, Cantillo, who seemed so thoughtful, could kill someone. He told me that I misread the man. He added, "He likes you, right. But if he was [sic] told to kill you, he'd put a bullet right between your eyes."

I thought of the Americans I knew—mercenaries, others—who were serving the Somoza side and were all dead now. I asked myself, Did these men know too much? Could those charges, that Somoza would have a man wasted without batting an eye, be true?

I wondered—was it possible that I was considered to know too much?

The answer eludes me. Molina is still a man I consider a friend, a dear friend. But, I'd never go to Managua with him again. And I truly like and enjoy Somoza, but any future contact I have with the man will have to be in the United States.

6. How It Ended

A writer friend describes me as "a 56-year-old, five-foot-nine, snow-headed, pot-bellied man with pale blue eyes who loves his family, fishing, and the United States of America for which he fought during World War II."

Guilty.

The fact that I do love my country is one reason I didn't quit serving Somoza earlier—the account endangered my life and my business. But I felt that I was performing a better service for my country by trying to help Americans understand Somoza than I did even by serving my country in the Navy during the Second World War.

The reason I quit was my family. After the *Chicago Tribune* ran a page-one piece about my encounter with the Sandinista bomb squad, my wife panicked. I thought her fear would diminish with time. But whenever I announced I was going back to work there, or that a meeting was scheduled with the president in Managua, she broke down and cried. My resistance broke down too—and finally Nicaragua and Somoza just faded out of the picture for me in December 1978. □

STRATEGIC IMPLICATIONS

*Some of Latin America's current rulers are less than
lovable—Nicaragua's Somoza, for example.
But for a glimpse of what might soon replace them,
turn your eyes toward Moscow or Havana*

Moscow Reaches for America's Slim Waist

ROBERT PETER

AFTER STALIN came Khrushchev, and that meant quite a change. Then it was Brezhnev's turn, and things looked different again. When Brezhnev's time runs out, more changes can be expected; but there is something which has never changed, and never will: the Soviet Union's determination to rule the world. A Marxist-Leninist world, of course.

The Kremlin got off to a good start in the Western Hemisphere with Fidel Castro's Cuba, from which *movimientos de liberación* were nurtured and launched throughout Latin America. The young idealists who formed the cadres of these *movimientos* considered the Soviet Unión too bourgeois a model, but they went wild with enthusiasm for Castro, obviously not realizing that he was totally dependent on his Russian masters and that nothing of any importance could occur in Cuba without the Kremlin's approval.

The Cordillera de los Andes, proclaimed Castro, would become the Sierra Maestra of South America. Havana became the Mecca of Central and South American terrorists, who were trained there and then infiltrated back into their native lands. They became a real danger in some places: the Montoneros and the ERP in Argentina and the Tupamaros in Uruguay. The latter seemed at one point strong enough to take over, and there were politicians ready to help them. When the military was called in to restore order, the Free World turned against it, apparently overlooking the fact that whereas military juntas always declare their intention of reinstating democracy sooner

or later, the Uruguayan terrorists had made it clear that they wanted to do away with democracy altogether and for all time.

Terrorism has been crushed in Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, and Chile—although in Chile a few incidents, not very important ones but increasingly numerous, have been reported in recent weeks. They flared at a time when the Chilean government, having started to bring order out of economic chaos, was moving to soften the rigidity of its rule. This was not in the interests of the Left, which favors keeping Chile the bad boy of the world, and the incidents brought on a new toughness which has inflamed anti-Pinochet passions. In Bolivia, terrorism has been in abeyance pending the results of the elections early last week, which the Left believed it might win. Colombia has a working democracy, which makes it a harder nut to crack, although here, too, there is a step-up in terrorist activity.

The Targets

It is in Nicaragua, El Salvador, and Guatemala that serious attempts are being made to overthrow the present governments. The president of Nicaragua, Anastasio Somoza Debayle, is not what one would call an endearing figure. His family has ruled the country for more than four decades and never missed an opportunity to take economic advantage of its privileged position. But there are elections in Nicaragua, and a parliamentary opposition is permitted to act within certain well-understood

limits. Many elements in Nicaragua are interested in bringing down the Somoza dynasty besides the politicians and the Sandinista. (The Frente Sandinista is an old guerrilla organization that takes its name from César Augusto Sandino, who fought the Marines in Nicaragua nearly fifty years ago. His was a freedom fight that had nothing to do with the leftist ideology that inspires the larger part of today's Sandinista.)

Guatemala had its troubles with guerrillas some years back, but harsh government measures brought the situation under control. Last year, however, guerrilla activity was stepped up, as were strikes. In the first quarter of 1979, according to official sources, five hundred Guatemalans were killed in private and political assassinations: among them, former Foreign Minister Alberto Fuentes Mohr, and Antonio Colóm Argüeta, the mayor of Guatemala City. There has been tension in El Salvador for a long time, and terrorism has reached new heights. Foreign embassies have been occupied by armed revolutionaries, and the Swiss Chargé d'Affaires, Hugo Wey, was ambushed and killed in his car for no apparent reason.

None of the possible alternatives in these countries is particularly attractive. The governments' calls for dialogue with opposition parties and forces—excluding the most radical groups—have gone unheeded. It now looks as if the presidents of El Salvador and Nicara-

Mr. Peter writes frequently for NR from Uruguay, where he has lived for many years.

gua will either succeed in remaining in power by using force and yet more force, and by eliminating all opposition—legal as well as illegal—or else the military, which has until now supported them, will bring them down. (Although in Nicaragua the process may have gone too far by now for the military to make their move.)

Should the military take over, the question will be: Which section of the military? Will it be the younger “populist” officers, whom the Soviet Union would favor, or the tough anti-Communists? Actually, the Kremlin wins either way, since new authoritarian juntas would foster greater hatred of the government and inflame the revolutionary mood of the people.

A third possibility is elections now. But this would entail the restoration of civil liberties, which could lead to unrest, more violence, and chaotic conditions in general. Observers point out that there are only a small number of Communists in these countries and that, in Nicaragua certainly, the conservatives are stronger than the Communists and the Sandinista combined. This may be true. But who has the guns? It is no coincidence that guerrilla activity has flared simultaneously in Guatemala, El Salvador, and Nicaragua.

Unripe Fruit

What about the other Central American nations? Will Honduras and Costa Rica be spared? Not in the long run, but they are not ripe for takeover yet. Costa Rica, especially, has to be handled with care, since it has a truly democratic system. Besides, at the moment it is a useful refuge for the guerrillas, and many of the military operations into neighboring countries are based in Costa Rica. It would be foolish for the Soviet Union-Cuba to cause problems in Costa Rica and force its government to take an anti-guerrilla position.

Panama, whose strongman, General Omar Torrijos, sympathizes with Castro, is critical of Nicaragua and El Salvador; Panama's president, Aristides Royo, was in Mexico at almost the same time as Castro, shortly before the Mexicans broke off relations with Nicaragua this May. In Guyana, a pro-Soviet government is in power. And there are the islands, some so small that

they seem uninteresting and unimportant. But they are not. In March, Prime Minister Sir Eric Gairy of tiny Grenada was ousted by Maurice Bishop, who immediately suspended the constitution and arrested numbers of his political opponents. Not long after, Grenada set up diplomatic relations with Cuba, and there are rumors that a military treaty between the two countries will soon be signed. Small as these islands are they could be of great geopolitical and strategic importance to Havana and Moscow. Jamaica's Prime Minister Michael Manley is on very good terms with Castro. In April he visited the Soviet Union, where he was sumptuously wined and dined.

While Nicaragua Burns

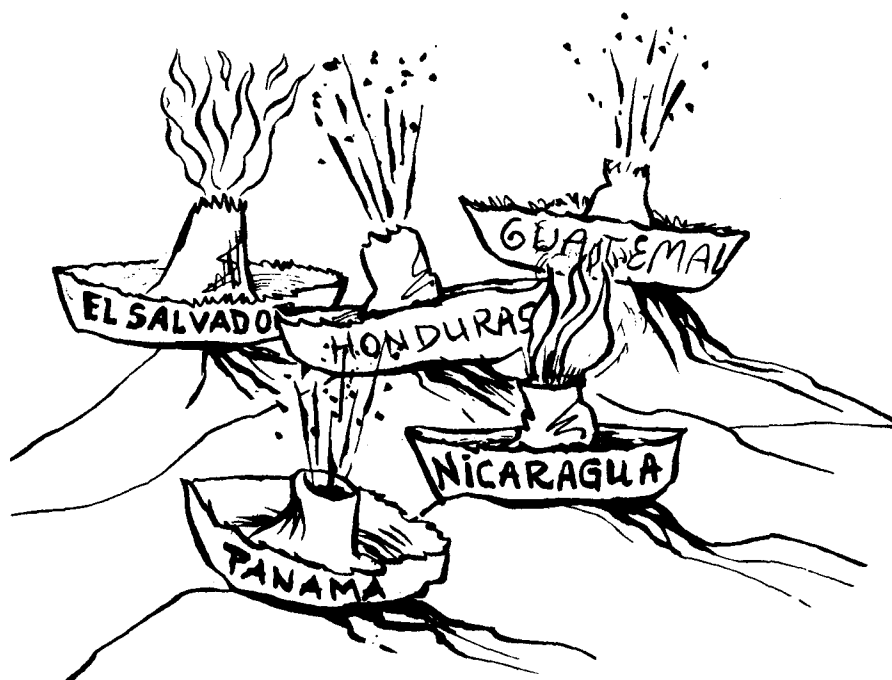
With Russian influence secure in Cuba, fairly solid in Guyana, and steadily increasing in the semicircle of the Antilles islands, the guerrilla movements in Guatemala, El Salvador, and Nicaragua take on a larger significance. It could mean the cutting in two of the American hemisphere, with the slim waist abandoned to leftist regimes. It is said that Moscow cannot afford the economic drain of another Cuba. But think what it would mean to Moscow to have friendly client states in Central America. It would be worth any expense.

What are the two big countries bordering this area—Venezuela to the south and Mexico to the north—doing about all this? They are playing footsie with Castro. Former President Carlos Andrés Pérez of Venezuela has helped supply arms to the Sandinista. In May of this year his successor, President Luis Herrera Campins, pardoned dozens of terrorists who were being held in Venezuelan prisons and declared an amnesty for many still in the hills. These wholesale pardons were deeply resented by the military, and Venezuela's commander-in-chief resigned in protest.

That same month, Mexican President José López Portillo welcomed Fidel Castro to Mexico, and days later broke diplomatic relations with Somoza.

It sounds a bit strange when a Mexican president speaks out as a champion of democracy and censures other governments on their shortcomings. Why does López Portillo find fault with Somoza, but not with Castro? In Nicaragua some sort of parliamentary opposition is permitted; in Havana, there is none. Whose adversaries are more harshly treated, Castro's or Somoza's? As for Mexico itself, it is well known how its presidents are “elected.” The party bosses decide who will be the next president and the people get the opportunity to say “yes.” No other candidate has a chance. This is what hap-

(Continues on page 935)



Bubeck, Die Glocke

Rothco

The Ugly Spectacle

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

DESPITE TALK about some form of tax relief or other assistance to church-related and private schools, various state bureaucracies continue to harass non-public schools as if they were Enemies of the People. Nor is it merely state departments of public instruction which do the tormenting.

In Wisconsin, the Department of Health and Social Services has been asserting its authority over independent schools. On what pretext? Why, that they are "day-care centers" and therefore subject to regulation by Wisconsin "health" officials. Private academies—which no more resemble day-care centers than do Groton or Andover, Eton or Harrow—have been forced to defend themselves in state and federal courts against the ambitions of Wisconsin's social-service zealots.

The Milwaukee Montessori School has found it necessary to appeal to the United States District Court. The Montessori people ask for equal protection of the laws. Among other absurdities cherished by the Wisconsin "health" bureaucrats, the pouring of milk from pitchers at the Montessori schools was forbidden, even though this little household task was part of the teaching theory of this school. Likewise, the Department attempted to enforce certain space and sanitary requirements more exacting than those imposed upon public schools.

But I am happy to report that the independent schools of Wisconsin have, in at least one case, won a thumping victory over the Department of Health and Social Services. This is the triumph of the Academy of Basic Education, near Milwaukee—one of the better independent day-schools in these United States, and praised by me on this page some years ago.

The villain of the piece was a certain Gary A. Kirst, chief of the Division of Community Service, Department of Health and Social Services. With singular stupidity he commenced criminal proceedings against the ABE, on the ground that the school had not been registered as a day-care center—which it isn't—and therefore somebody ought to be fined and imprisoned.

Waukesha County's district attorney, rightly regarding this proceeding as ludicrous, refused to take Kirst & Co.'s case against ABE. Therefore the health zealots entered upon a "John Doe" proceeding in the County Court. Alas for Wisconsin's bureaucracy! The county court found that the Department of Health and Social Services has no authority over schools: if private academies are to be regulated, they fall within the jurisdiction of the Department of Public Instruction.

Thus Kirst's intrusion was rebuffed as contrary to the Constitution of Wisconsin. The Academy of Basic Education is emancipated from the clutch of such as Kirst, but has sustained considerable expenses at law.

THE MALICE with which independent schools are treated by public authorities in several states suggests not merely that bureaucrats are eager to extend their power, but also that they would like to make public instruction a state monopoly. Consider the proceedings against Christian schools in Kentucky and North Carolina, where, at this writing, the decisions hang in the balance. (William Ball, the intrepid gentleman who won the Supreme Court case for the Wisconsin Amish a few years ago, represents the prosecuted and persecuted Christians of Kentucky and North Carolina.)

Last year, on this page, I discussed the attempt that was made by the Kentucky State Board of Education to crush some twenty "fundamentalist" Christian schools, through criminal prosecutions of parents because they weren't sending their children to state-accredited schools. Those cases still are pending in a Kentucky court; the state has secured delays costly to the Christian defendants. Kentucky's Governor Julian Carroll has backed the state's prosecutors, but has expressed doubt as to whether, in the long run, courts of law will sustain the Board of Elementary and Secondary Education. Well may he fret, for last year William Ball beat the Ohio Board of Education in the similar Darke County case.

In Kentucky and North Carolina, though the Christian schools (fundamentalist variety) turn out young people with higher national test scores than do the public schools, the attempt is being made by the state educationist bureaucracies to force these independent religious schools to conform slavishly to the pattern of public schools—or else be abolished. Among other demands of Kentucky's State Board is the insistence that the Christian schools must use only such textbooks as are on a state-approved list—which policy, in effect, would secularize instruction in these schools, as well as violate young people's freedom to read.

As Mr. Ball states in his Kentucky brief (*Hinton v. Kentucky State Board*), "This case presents the ugly spectacle—alas, becoming commoner in America of late—of government, armed with the pretext of incompetently drafted regulations, lurching into innocent people and trespassing upon wholesome private enterprises not its own. The people who are the plaintiffs in this case are little people in this society, without a lobby, without large funds, without influence—without clout. It is shameful that they have been put to a litigation for the defense of basic liberties which the State Board ought to have recognized from the outset."

It needs to be emphasized that several state educationist bureaucracies are proceeding arbitrarily against independent schools, and Christian schools in particular, despite repeated recent decisions of federal and state courts sheltering such schools under the first clause of the First Amendment and other provisions of the federal Constitution. Either the state educationists don't know the law, or they don't care: it's no money out of bureaucrats' pockets when parents are prosecuted. Little attempt is made nowadays to enforce truancy laws against the parents of children nominally enrolled in the public schools—even when those public-school children never show up in the classroom. But if Dick and Jane faithfully attend a sound Christian school unaccredited by the state—why, jail Dad and Mom as social subversives. □

Books Arts & Manners

The New-Class Game

B. BRUCE-BRIGGS

The production of "New Class" studies promises to become a significant intellectual industry. Gouldner's little book has the considerable virtue of offering a succinct summary of the principal theory: that a New Class based on education is challenging the old class based on property, and has adopted ideologies consistent with its class interest:

The New Class is elitist and self-seeking and uses its special knowledge to advance its own interests and power, and to control its own work situation. . . .

The New Class . . . is egalitarian so far as the privileges of the *old* class are concerned . . . it is prepared to remove or restrict the special incomes of the old class: profits, rents, interest. [It] is anti-egalitarian, however, in that it seeks special guild advantages—political powers and incomes—on the basis of its possession of cultural capital (education).

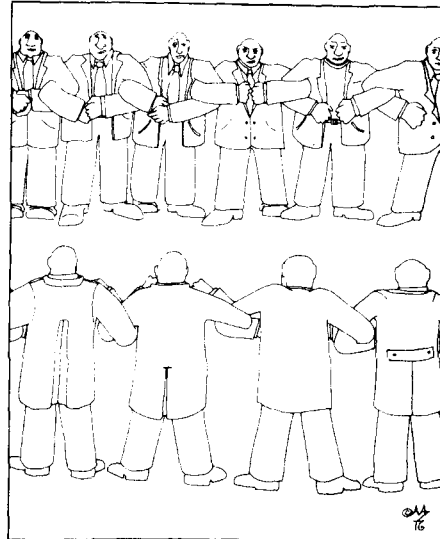
Short of going to the barricades, the New Class may harass the old, sabotage it, critique it, expose and muckrake it, express moral, technical, and cultural superiority to it, and hold it up to contempt and ridicule.

The campus radicalism of the Sixties was a manifestation of the New Class, as was the New Politics; and state socialism is the consummation of New Class domination.

Gouldner is a left-wing sociologist, so he understandably employs the leftist definition of the New Class; that is, he herds together under one rubric not only the academics, bureaucrats, and journalists of the recently developed neo-conservative or *new* New Class (associated most of all with Irving Kristol), but anyone of power and privilege without property, including business managers and technical staff—in other words, the *old* New Class, the intelligentsia of the Marxists. But Gouldner idiosyncratically restricts the term "intelligentsia" to managers and engineers, and reserves for those elements belonging to the neo-conservative New Class the term "intellectuals."

Gouldner despises managers and engineers and knows little about them. He asserts that they are becoming more

alienated from the capitalists, although it would be more plausible to stress their annoyance with well-paid proletarians and their resentment of the consumerists, environmentalists, journalists, lawyers, and politicians who are increasingly meddling in their specialties. He argues that the intellectuals and managers are united by a "culture of critical discourse"—very weak stuff. While intellectuals discourse, engineers solve problems and managers achieve



The Future of Intellectuals and the Rise of the New Class

By Alvin W. Gouldner

Seabury, 121 pp., \$8.95

goals. Here Gouldner is projecting the values of intellectuals on the "intelligentsia." Far more persuasive is Daniel Bell's belief that the ideology uniting these two groups would be "meritocracy"—the myth that privilege is justified by the social value of "theoretical knowledge" obtained via formal education.

When Gouldner goes beyond summary of earlier theorists and attempts his own contribution, his performance is mixed. Where he has troubled to think things out (as in his discussions of the Berle-Burnham capitalist v. managerial issue, of human capital theory, and of expanding the concept of "capital" beyond Marx's own nineteenth century bourgeois definition), his views are interesting and might be enlightening with further elaboration.

But more often he is slapdash. He projects that the overproduction of New Class by universities will reinforce radicalism, and has not noticed that the Seventies exhibit precisely the reverse: increased competition for intellectual jobs coincides with cynicism and conservatism. He is well-read in heretical Marxist thought, but is ignorant of the contributions of the Right, and he has not even carefully read the justly most renowned New Class ideologists, Galbraith and Bell. His deployment of contemporary social and economic data is

B. Bruce-Briggs is the editor of *The New Class*. . . . Paul Gigot is an Associate Editor of *NR*. . . . Kenneth S. Lynn is a professor of history at Johns Hopkins University. . . . Ellen Wilson is a Contributing Editor of *The Human Life Review*.

pro forma and naïve. Like most “social theorists,” his frame of reference is European, so his few comments on American conditions are ill-informed.

Like most “social scientists,” Gouldner proceeds from analysis to advocacy and prophecy. There is a long section on intellectuals as Leninists. Well, few intellectuals have ever been Leninists, or even Marxists; if designations are necessary, the bulk of intellectuality might be given labels derived from the names of the rivals of Marx—Saint-Simonists, Proudhonists, John Stuart Millists. Gouldner does not even mention infantile leftism (Fourierists?), which is strange considering his recent stint at a Dutch university. His emphasis seems peculiar until we reach the punch line: he is recommending Marxism as the preferred ideology of the New Class.

As for prophecy:

The New Class is the most progressive force in modern society and is a center of whatever human emancipation is possible in the foreseeable future. It has no motives to curtail the forces of production and no wish to develop them solely in terms of their profitability. The New Class possesses the scientific knowledge and technical skills on which the future of modern forces of production depends. . . . The New Class, further, is a center of opposition to almost all forms of censorship, thus embodying a universal societal interest. . . .

In short, the New Class can and should rule the world. The capitalists are finished, but they can console themselves that the Soviets are also doomed, for the New Class is taking over the East too.

Here is an example of the new rulers at work: of the numerous writers discussed by Gouldner, only one rates gratuitous attack: “Kristol’s defense of the free market from incursions by the New Class might be more convincing if it were not published in *Exxon, U.S.A.*” Gouldner was himself a consulting sociologist for Exxon, and he and Kristol were undergraduates together: Kristol has written about the radical sectarianism of those days, noting that his faction, the Trotskyists, hatched many distinguished social scientists, while their rivals, the “Stalinists,” produced no one worthy of note, not even Gouldner. Here we enjoy the perpetuation of an adolescent spat of forty years ago.

These are the future Lords of Creation? These people will overthrow Communism? The New Class can subvert, but it cannot rule; it cannot even re-

bel. The Soviets ruthlessly suppress religious, nationalist, and working-class movements, but only harass the intellectual “dissidents” so dear to their Western Class-mates; the Soviet rulers know the difference between men and *luftmenshen*.

BY NOW the sensible reader, who knows that venturing to comprehend the totality of society amounts, in the words of the trade unionist Victor Gollub, to “goosing butterflies,” may properly ask why anyone should pay any notice to this sort of thing (unless you share this reviewer’s perverse delight in the show for its own sake). Yet it is important, and its importance is political. Systems of classification are vehicles for mobilization—“free v. slave,” “the people v. the interests,” “the masses v. the imperialists.” The Left version of the New Class abandons the proletariat as revolutionary cannon fodder and seeks to recruit the technical workers in its stead; the neo-conservative version unites capitalists, executives, and trade unions to contain the intellectuals.

Both versions, however, share a common etiology of liberalism/progressivism. Here is no high-minded, public-spirited idealism, but the expression of self-serving class interests. Gentlemen of the Right, the Left has delivered unto you a weapon with which to smite the liberals. As a neo-Hegelian, Gouldner should have recognized that the thesis of the New Class would engender its antithesis. □

The Powers That Be

By David Halberstam

Knopf, 771 pp., \$15

AND SOME OF IT IS TRUE

PAUL A. GIGOT

When in 1976 an excerpt from *The Powers That Be*, a section on CBS, appeared in *The Atlantic*, Eric Sevareid replied in a letter to the editor. “I have read with interest Mr. Halberstam’s account of CBS News, with which I have spent more than 36 years of my life,” wrote Sevareid. “His material is very well written, and some of it is true.” It was a devastating riposte then, and it

gnaws even more now that the complete, expansive version of Halberstam’s investigation into Big Media is available.

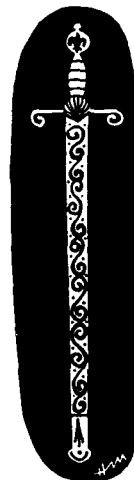
It is not that Halberstam is a liar, but that perhaps he is supplying only one version of the truth. The facts—in the sense of names, dates, and places—are not disputable. Instead, as in Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein’s account of Richard Nixon’s resignation, the situations, the conversations, the attitudes and opinions are suspect. When Halberstam reports a conversation between two men, one of whom is now dead, how reliable is the testimony of the living man, the only possible source, especially when the story is flattering to the source? Halberstam rarely attributes his statements, perhaps because attribution would clog the narrative.

So Halberstam writes of Kyle Palmer, the 1950s political editor of the *Los Angeles Times*—powerbroker, Nixon partisan, destroyer of Democrats, manipulator of facts. It is an absorbing portrait of a man; but was Palmer really so awful? And he writes about the reporters in Vietnam in the early 1960s,

Charles Mohr of *Time* and then the *Times*, Neil Sheehan of the *Times*, and Halberstam himself; they were intelligent, energetic, honest, telling it like it was, taking the heat from their inflexible, too timid, too patriotic editors. Halberstam is correct that for too long some editors neglected the reports of American correspondents indicating that the military effort was failing and that the Saigon government

was corrupt. But he forgets that these same reporters wanted only U.S. withdrawal. They were studiously unconcerned about an invasion from the North, about Communism’s effect on the South. One wonders what they think now of the boat people.

Halberstam also distorts the Tet offensive of spring 1968. To Halberstam, Tet was a great defeat for the United States. And its coverage as such by the American media, especially by Walter Cronkite, was testimony to the media’s occasional virtue. Halberstam never mentions Peter Braestrup’s *Big Story* (although he lists it in his bibliography),





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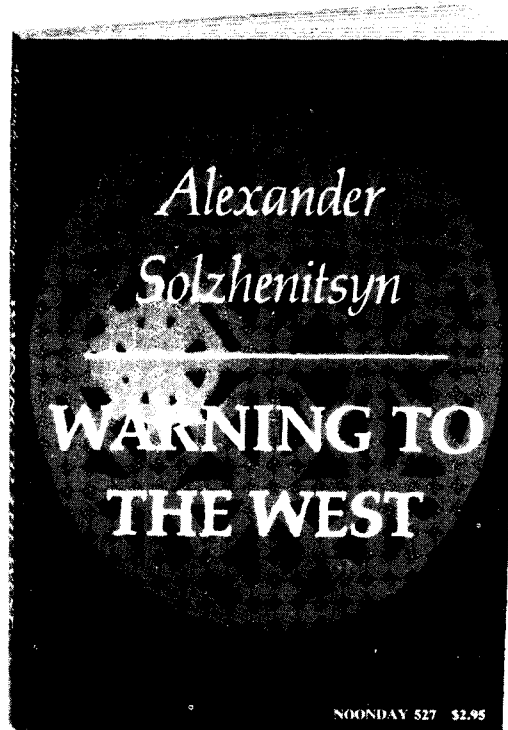
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an exhaustive, non-partisan study of U.S. reporting in Vietnam. Braestrup concludes that Tet was a great U.S. victory portrayed by the media as a defeat.

Halberstam identifies his heroes and his villains clearly, lest the reader be troubled by ambiguity. Bill Paley, president of CBS, is a villain; Edward R. Murrow, CBS' brilliant war correspondent, is a victim of Paley's greed and pride. Reporters are almost always heroes, dedicated, fair; publishers and business types are usually villains, too concerned about profits to care about Quality Journalism.

AH, BUT Halberstam can tell a story. *The Powers That Be* is as engrossing as any nonfiction can be, loaded with juicy gossip, captivating biographies, hilarious anecdotes, damning quotes and exchanges. It is *The Best and the Brightest* once again, McGeorge Bundy back at Groton, McNamara at Ford Motor, the great men, the great themes, the power, and of course the corruption and mistakes. I had a college professor who built an entire lecture in political science around LBJ anecdotes culled from *The Best and the Brightest*. Halberstam is as addicted to anecdotes as an alcoholic to gin, and the reader gulps them just as readily:

[Lyndon Johnson] sensed Bradlee [Ben, editor of the *Washington Post*] condescended to him in private and he was right. Bradlee referred to him as "old Clyde over there," and on occasion as "I. B. and J." The element of putdown was unmistakable. Johnson, for his part, had always disliked Bradlee. At one point, in 1964, when Johnson was thinking of replacing J. Edgar Hoover at the FBI, Bill Moyers had leaked the story to Bradlee. Bradlee had gone into print with it, and Johnson had immediately called a press conference, and there, before the assembled television cameras, he had announced the appointment of J. Edgar Hoover for life. When it was over Johnson had turned to Moyers and said, "Now call up your friend Ben Bradlee and tell him I said 'Fuck you.'" For years after Bradlee was known as the man who got J. Edgar Hoover a lifetime appointment.

There are 736 pages of this, which makes one wish Halberstam were a better writer. *The Powers That Be* is self-indulgently long. Whole sections are repetitive. Halberstam overworks some words, and has some idiosyncratic writ-

ing habits which are more distracting than innovative: "[Kay Graham] felt awkward and dowdy and, as she felt awkward and dowdy, she was awkward and dowdy." He stuffs his sentences with extra words and run-on clauses; he uses commas where most writers use periods.

Yet one doesn't read Halberstam for his style, but for his stories. *The Powers That Be* includes many which illuminate the process of making and reporting the news. *Time*, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, CBS, the *Los Angeles Times*, *Newsweek*, NBC: they do have power, though not unlimited power. Halberstam's book is a good investigation into how they developed, how their managers and editors think, and how they influence so much of what the rest of us think. And no doubt some of it is true. □

The Education of Carey McWilliams

By Carey McWilliams

Simon & Schuster, 363 pp., \$11.95

A SOCIAL 'HUMANIST'

KENNETH S. LYNN

In the 1940s, Carey McWilliams was one of the most exciting writers in America. Besides *Southern California Country: An Island on the Land*, which still ranks as one of the best books on the region that has ever been published, he gave us four path-breaking studies of racial minorities in the United States which tremendously broadened our awareness of the discrepancy between the nation's democratic ideals and its discriminatory practices. Thus the announcement a few months ago that McWilliams had written the story of his own life quite naturally caused a stir in publishing circles. Perhaps *The Education of Carey McWilliams* would prove to

be worthy of comparison with the masterpiece which inspired its title, *The Education of Henry Adams*. Alas, McWilliams' autobiography turns out to be an inhibited and unreflective piece of work. In spite of its

embarrassingly boastful talk about the brilliance of McWilliams' editorship of *The Nation*, the book merely succeeds in reminding us of contemporary American liberalism's long slide into intellectual and emotional bankruptcy.

The preface to the book warns that McWilliams is "much too discreet" to write about his private life—that in fact he lacks the "temperament" for personal confession—and the ensuing chapter on his boyhood in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, where his father operated a large and successful cattle ranch, is a frustrating example of his guardedness. In a remarkably abstract and antiseptic paragraph, we are informed that McWilliams' parents were "deeply devoted to their two sons," but we are never permitted to see what the life of the family was really like. Consequently, when McWilliams ascribes the dawning of his political nonconformism to his father's loss of his business and sudden death in the years immediately following World War I, we lack the means for deciding whether there actually was a connection between these events, or whether McWilliams has simply borrowed a handy explanation from Richard Hofstadter's "status-anxiety" interpretation of modern American reform. The author's somewhat bewildered admission, at the very end of this book, that he has never fully understood why he has been a "rebel-radical" for more than half a century tends to confirm the suspicion that McWilliams has not been frank with others about the vital details of his life because he himself has never grasped their meaning.

Potentially the most interesting part of McWilliams' life history has to do with his activities as a socially conscious lawyer and freelance writer in southern California in the 1930s and '40s. Bored by the routine of conventional legal work, he agreed to represent a number of newly fledged unions which were attempting to organize the factory and field workers of the West Coast. In addition to fighting corporate giants, McWilliams also tangled with the labor

racketeer Willie Bioff, became deeply involved in such notable civil liberties causes as the Sleepy Lagoon case, hobnobbed with Harry Bridges, and yet still found the time to turn out a veritable



RANDOM NOTES

■ **LAST JULY TITLES:** the second generation of Guyana books is upon us. *Six Years with God: Life inside Rev. Jim Jones's Peoples Temple* (A&W, \$12.95) by Jeannie Mills is a personal account of life in what the nation's wags have been calling Club Dead. . . . Jay Caress' biography, *Frank Williams: Country Music's Tragic King* (Stein & Day, \$9.95), is an interesting and well-researched book about the legendary C&W star who died of acute alcoholism at the age of thirty.

Stephen H. Gettinger's *Sentenced to Die: The People, the Crimes, the Controversy* (Macmillan, \$9.95) is a treatise on the capital punishment mess which comes down unconditionally on the side of the abolitionists. . . . David G. Lygre's *Life Manipulation: From Test-Tube Babies to Aging Clocks* (Walker, \$9.95) considers the moral complications of modern scientific accomplishments. . . . Mark Popovskii, in his book *Manipulated Science: The Crisis of Science and Scientists in the Soviet Union* (Doubleday, \$10.95), describes the degree to which the in-

gencies of Marxist ideology and the Soviet system have retarded scientific development in the USSR. Mysteriously, none of the ills discussed have prevented the Kremlin from developing Backfire bombers, SS-19s, and killer satellites. . . . Richard Espy's *The Politics of the Olympic Games* (University of California, \$12.95) covers the Olympics from 1944 to 1976, but unfortunately has nothing to say about the unsavory uses sure to be made of the 1980 Games, which will be held in Moscow.

■ **SOME AUGUST TITLES:** There's a new MacArthur book out: *Inchon Landing: MacArthur's Last Triumph* (Times Books, \$10), by Michael Langley. Langley, who treats the General with respect, argues that MacArthur's chief failing was his inability to understand the modern concept of limited warfare.

Walter Sullivan, the *New York Times's* science editor, has written a book called *Black Holes: The Edge of Space, the End of Time* (Anchor Doubleday, \$17.95) in which he deals with a phenomenon that appears to hold the key to ultimate questions, of both a scientific and a theological nature.

ment? How would it revive and sustain a sense of pride in work performed?"

Apparently fearful of the new institutional arrangements that a socialist regime would introduce, McWilliams concludes his book by asserting that radicals like himself should be primarily concerned with values. But here, too, he reveals uncertainty. Like Matthiessen, who was his close friend, McWilliams says he believes in "'Christian' humanism." Matthiessen, though, would never have placed the name of Jesus Christ in quotation marks. McWilliams' belief in Christian values is nothing more than a metaphoric allegiance. □

The Hesburgh Papers: Higher Values in Higher Education By the Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, CSC
Andrews & McMeel, 206 pp., \$12.95

MARCHING TOWARD MUCHNESS

ELLEN WILSON

Father Hesburgh is a hopeful man. He faces the future hopefully, deals with the present hopefully, and even reserves hope for the past, since it may be redeemed by the future it has begotten. Hope is, of course, a theological and not a cardinal virtue: like faith, it fastens itself to things unseen, and therefore should not look to be realized in this life. All too often it is, in temporal terms, an unrewarding virtue, for unlike prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude, it doesn't always make worldly sense. But Father Hesburgh goes astray precisely in cherishing an unorthodox belief that present hopes will receive their just reward in future temporal fulfillment—as, in his view, past hopes are realized through the advances exemplified in the present, and so on, in that upwardly mobile succession of ages which constitutes human history. Father Hesburgh's brand of millenarianism goes the ordinary variety one better: every age can qualify, since each age is the superior condition toward which past ages have been moving.

It is, perhaps, this gracious wish to redeem the past—to establish its rele-

torrent of articles and books on the plight of farm laborers, the confinement of Japanese-Americans during World War II and a host of other issues.

Like Nathanael West, McWilliams looked upon southern California as a gaudy circus, but unlike West he was not content to be a disdainful spectator; even more than Upton Sinclair, who ran for governor of California in 1944, McWilliams was an intellectual who believed in social participation, and he committed himself to that ideal with an intensity which the lifeless prose of his autobiography never captures. Some day, perhaps, a biography of McWilliams will be written which will at last do justice to the colorful, richly significant years of his California career.

In the early 1950s, McWilliams moved to New York to help run *The Nation*, and he remained with the magazine until his retirement in the mid-1970s. Instead of giving us an account of his life in this period, McWilliams merely runs through the headline events of the era—McCarthyism, the New Frontier, Vietnam, etc. It is clear from this section of the book that McWilliams has the sort of intelligence which has difficulty learning from hindsight.

The positions that *The Nation* took on the issues of the day before yesterday are the positions that McWilliams fervently maintains today. The United States, not the Soviet Union, triggered the cold war. Alger Hiss was a loyal American and Whittaker Chambers was a congenital liar. Joe McCarthy was a "populist." The assassination of John F. Kennedy did not have a Cuban connection. The literary critic F. O. Matthiessen, who committed suicide in 1950, was a cold-war martyr.

YET BENEATH the terrible certainties and simplicities of McWilliams' opinions one catches an occasional glimpse of bafflement, particularly at the close of his *Education*. "I am a socialist," he says, "in the sense that I share the socialist critique of capitalism." But no sooner has he declared this than disturbing questions flood in upon him. "Just how would an American socialist regime safeguard civil liberties? How could it prevent a slavish dependence on state power? How could it go about changing the structure of economic power? Could it avoid bureaucratic sloth? How would it stimulate social incentives? Could it achieve efficient manage-

vance by drawing it into that process of becoming which represents his perception of today and vision of tomorrow—that brought forth this collection of speeches spanning the mid-Sixties to mid-Seventies. Delivered before a variety of audiences—scholarly, political, and professional—each of them projects challenges to be met and goals to be achieved (as, in his selective vision, the peculiar challenges of each previous age were met).

IT FOLLOWS that Father Hesburgh's description of any situation, whether that of his own Notre Dame, or the state of Catholic higher education, or minority education, or world population, or the presence of extraterrestrial life—is as broad and sweeping and soul-enlarging as a Willa Cather landscape. That it is also naggingly inaccurate when it descends to particularities, and irritatingly unfocused when (as is usually the case) it does not, is an unfortunate side-effect of the method. He gathers lists of “good” and “bad” figures with impartial enthusiasm: “By 1950, there were three million in colleges and universities”; “in 1966, the National Science Foundation budget had grown to \$600 million”; “the world will spend over \$300 billion for arms next year.” The numbers, after all, are big, and big is beautiful. Or perhaps I should say *bigger* is beautiful, for the point is progress: *more* students, *more* buildings, *more* programs. Figures pour out, numbers mount line by line as, for Father Hesburgh, they mount year by year, as *everything* mounts year by year—the contents of data banks and the number of course offerings, the scope of the problems and the potential for solution—all piling up, increasing, adding more to more, as present builds upon past and presses on to future.

Leaving the past—well, behind. What went before must be good, because it contributed its mite to the muchness we now enjoy and enlarge, but it can never be nearly as good as present or future. So he recalls the Campus Revolt days of the late Sixties with some affection, but regrets that college administrators

did not use our influence to move for

more representative boards of trustees, greater rewards for those faculty concerned with students, teaching, and true educational reform and growth, more minority students, and stronger words at times for those students who clamored for responsible freedom without being responsible once granted greater freedom.

Father Hesburgh traces the cause of the student revolt to “our own success” in vastly expanding college enrollments, at the expense of maintaining quality and meeting the special needs of that particular generation of students. Typically, though, neither the college population explosion nor the administrators' response to it was “bad,” merely incomplete.

Understandably, Hesburgh breaks history—any stretch of history, whether centuries or decades long—into ages, eras, or stages which succeed one another by building upon past excellences. American universities, for instance, began with

the British university as an exclusive teaching institution, added on the concept of graduate and research functions from the German university model, and . . . have elaborated since the end of World War II a new university function of service to mankind on the local, state, national, and international levels.

The present curriculum in our colleges evolved from a liberal arts foundation, onto which the natural sciences and physical sciences were added, and finally the social sciences. As Father Hesburgh puts it, “It is not a question of either-or, but of both-and.” That is, new situations are achieved by addition, maybe even multiplication, but never subtraction.

But perhaps it is unfair to fault Father Hesburgh for hazy thinking, seemingly undeveloped powers of discrimination, and a habit of waging intellectual battles by lowering the drawbridge. Perhaps, as he might put it, he is a victim of his own success—of a long career maneuvering a large and distinguished university through one crisis after another, always surviving. The price has consisted of ignoring the price—adding demographically varied students, relevant courses, specialized programs without ever formulating a philosophically derived and well-articulated educational

theory to justify what he was doing; welcoming new solutions regardless of their effect upon old problems; embracing, but not reconciling, antitheses.

If I have surprisingly few specific quarrels with Father Hesburgh after reading this book, it is because he offers surprisingly few specifics. Or rather, he refuses to restrict himself and his beloved Notre Dame to specialized goals, functions, tasks. “*Life piled on life/Were all too little.*” How quarrel with an encyclopedia? A book of lists? A collection of comparative phrases? A third of the way through this book Father Hesburgh confides, “By now the reader will have a good idea of what concerns me most: vision, values, change, freedom, relevance, and academic openness to a new day, ever-aborning.” But how is a world ever-aborning ever to reach maturity? □

Justice and Reverse Discrimination

By Alan H. Goldman

Princeton, 252 pp., \$16.50

HALFWAY HOUSE

M. J. SOBRAN

This is the sort of book you'll like, if you like this sort of book, and I do. Mr. Goldman is a philosopher (University of Miami), and he likes to reason, and he writes well enough that it's a pleasure to follow his reasoning even when you disagree with him, as you often should.

Goldman thinks certain forms of reverse discrimination are required by the principle of equal opportunity. He holds equal opportunity, in the sense of access to jobs, to be a right. If a man measures up to the formal requirements of a job, he has a *prima facie* right to it, unless of course some competitor can make a better claim. If he is denied the job because of his race or sex, he is entitled to compensation as an individual (not as a member of a victimized class). This compensation may mean getting the job he originally applied for, even if an innocent person has to be bumped out of it, provided that such an innocent has the job as a result of the injustice to the deserving applicant.

Goldman's particular target is group compensation. He doesn't think you can remedy an injustice by proxy. If black



Smith suffers an injustice, nothing is corrected by paying compensation to black Jones. If white Davis commits an injustice, nothing is helped by punishing white Bennett. You have to suffer your own grievances and commit your own sins. Neither victimhood nor guilt is inherited.

Much of the book is given to the patient refutation of standard arguments for swoopstake reverse discrimination. Goldman allows some merit to the cases based on role models, historical guilt, ingrained attitudes, and stereotypes, but not enough to warrant violating the immediate right of a qualified applicant to a position he has a fair claim to. Reverse discrimination is just only when someone identifiable has clearly committed, suffered, or benefited by specific acts of first-order discrimination. Just being a member of a statistically victimized group doesn't entitle one to special favor. In practice, Goldman notes, reverse discrimination tends to help precisely those members who least need and deserve that kind of favor. He is especially good at exposing the way "goals" turn into quotas and other crude devices. As the mayor of Houston put it when faced with complaints of reverse discrimination in the hiring of city police: "We are going to hire qualified women regardless of their sex!"

On a few points Goldman himself is vulnerable. He thinks property rights are merely social conventions, rather than natural rights in any sense. He thinks there is such a thing as "society," which does have rights (whose origin he doesn't explain) and whose locus is Washington, D.C., a particularism unworthy of so lofty a philosopher. He thinks "society" has the right to require a corporation to hire meritocratically (and implicitly the right to specify to the corporation what "merit" consists in). He doesn't distinguish between what is abstractly or morally right and what a government may properly compel. He most certainly doesn't distinguish between "society" and government, or among levels and kinds of government.

Worse yet, he accepts some of the illiberal assumptions of the reverse discriminators. The imperative of making amends for "past" discrimination, Goldman apparently assumes, warrants what amounts to ex post facto legislation, so

that you can be punished for having discriminated at a time when there was yet no law against it. The laws of "society" operate retroactively. He says too that the burden of proof in such cases should rest on the accused, since everyone was doing it and the accused presumably was too. I see his point, but it just ain't right. I would hate to think I might at this moment be acting in flagrant violation of next year's laws.

Goldman's own arguments for equal opportunity may be right, but they aren't strong enough. He takes on the libertarian position without, I think, fully grasping it, and the possibility remains that Robert Nozick may be right, and Alan Goldman mistaken, about the prerogative of doing business with whomever you damn well please. Not morally, but politically. Even if you are base enough to reject a job applicant flatly because he is black, there are a few steps to be taken before concluding that Washington ought to intervene. To be picky about it, he doesn't demonstrate even that good people should make it their business to apply punitive social sanctions against the discriminator. Goldman has little more to say about such considerations than the usual utilitarian mumble about how "society" has an interest in generating productive efficiency through rational hiring practices.

All of which may seem to undo my opening praise of this book. But no. Discount its doubtful presuppositions, and you get a useful clarification of the problem. Not at the political level, but at the moral one. If certain criteria for employment are unjust, then how, as private citizens, should we approach a remedy for those who have suffered from them, without risking new injustices along the way? Goldman has given us a model of judicious sorting-out. □

THOUGHTS ASTRAY

A COUPLE OF CLASSICS

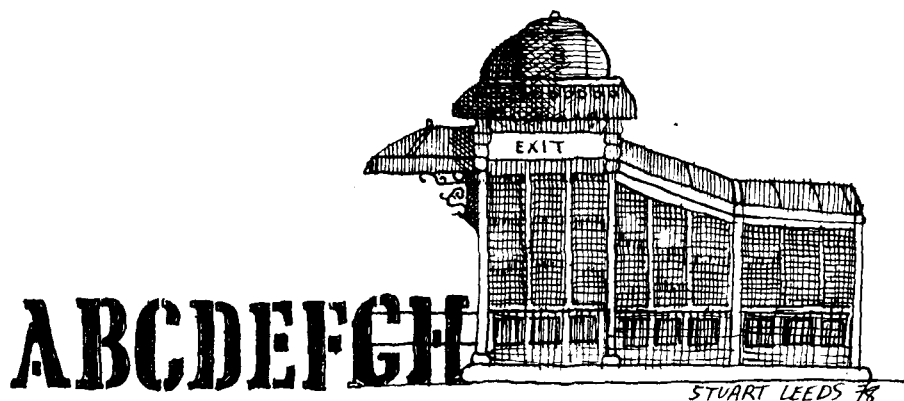
MURRAY KEMPTON

One of the mysteries of education is the place in its curriculum of works whose survival can be credited to little except their claim upon those baser emotions that the young may in time outgrow, but their tutors never seem to.

The Theory of the Leisure Class is such a case, representing, as it does, the sacrifice of Veblen's notable powers of observation to his personal distempers. It lacks even the exuberance that is spleen's only excuse; its execution is as leaden of foot as its subjects are tedious. How are we to explain the endurance of this dreary chaff except by its appeal to the envious?

When Emerson divided mankind into a Party of Hope and a Party of Memory, he neglected to include the Party of Envy, which is especially consequential because its representatives so often assume the offices of Censor and Curator. So long as there is an academic unpromoted but still assigning, this worst of Veblen will sit stuffed and mounted in its case while the best is left to dust.

Then there is *The Prince*, that curious specimen of disabling innocence. It has always been my assumption that the Holy Office put *The Prince* on its Index not because Machiavelli was wicked but because this sort of thing was too unsophisticated for a Church that had to deal with the subtleties of the real world. Men of affairs concerned with self-preservation might just as well take instruction from poor Mr. Nixon's example as from Cesare Bor-



gia's. It used to puzzle me that Machiavelli could have been the long-headed civil servant he was and then have given way so entirely to this guilelessness about the efficacy of guile. But then I understood: *The Prince* was a grant application, and, as such, has been the same sort of inspiration for generations of craftsmen in its medium that the Belvedere torso was to Michelangelo. There is no notion too ridiculous to sustain a grant application; its art is the presentation of its fantasy in tones of cold detachment. *The Prince* would have been forgotten centuries ago if its life depended upon any use it had as a guide to governance for governors; but it is imperishable as instruction to scholars in how to get funded.

Machiavelli failed, as happens so frequently with great precursors; but he showed the way, and has ever since been recognized as the founder of what we call modern political thought when we mean to identify the vocation of inventing a problem in hopes of being paid to pretend to solve it. Machiavelli is the patron saint of all who seek a patron; and that is why his flame will burn forever on the altars of the academy. He is by no means undeserving of such reverence; no other alchemist ever came closer to the formula for gold. □

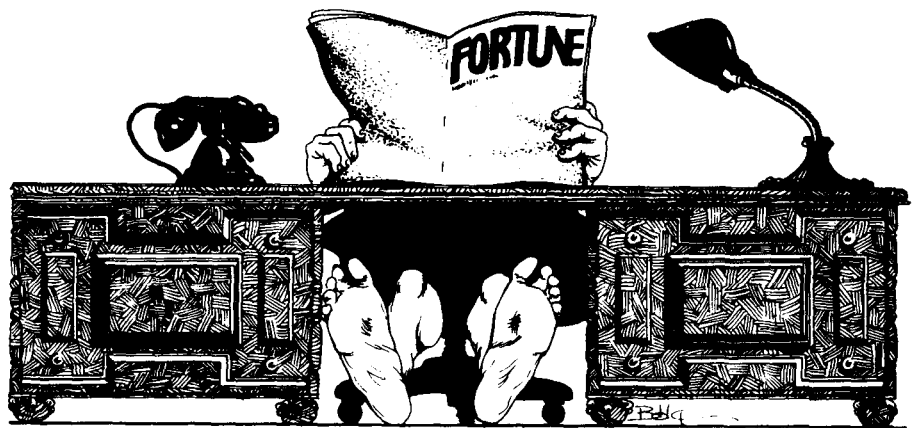
DELECTATIONS

DAYS OF FORTUNE

NIKA HAZELTON

I write this piece in memory of the happiest job I ever had, and I have had many. I was a researcher on *Fortune* magazine, which had been founded by Henry Luce a year or two before I went to work there, in the mid-Thirties. I got the job in an interesting way.

I was a young student at the London School of Economics, earning my keep at various writing and other jobs. The Nazis were then beginning to consolidate their power, and I went to Berlin to report for the *Yorkshire Post* on their rise. The American and English journalists used to meet at a bistro called the Taverne H. R. Knickerbocker. Edgar Ansel Mowrer, and all the



luminaries of the time, including Roger Sessions, the composer.

For personal reasons, I was very anxious to begin a new life in the United States, and Roger Sessions said he would help me find a job. He did, through his friend Archie MacLeish, then a *Fortune* editor. I was offered a one month's job at the magazine at \$27.50 a week to check a major article on Italy, and I wound up staying on for years.

I HAD to be in New York immediately, so I borrowed money for the passage, phoned my parents in Milan to tell them of my departure (they were all for it), and set sail on the *Bremen*.

Apart from the Sessions, who then lived in Northampton, I knew but one person in the whole United States: a woman named Frieda, a union organizer for the shirt workers of Troy. How I had met her I can't remember—at that time in Europe people like myself and my parents never came across Americans unless they were immigrants returning home, and we knew only one or two of those. I still remember my incredulity when someone told me that Cambridge was next door to Boston; the only Boston I knew was in Lincolnshire, fifty miles north of Cambridge.

Frieda picked me up at the pier when I arrived late at night, deposited me in a hotel on Lexington Avenue, and departed. The next morning at nine I was on the 45th floor of the Chrysler Building, where *Fortune* then had its offices. I had my first, marvelous view of New York from there: I was struck by how much it resembled its photos.

I was quickly initiated into the *Fortune* fact-checking system, according to which you read the article first for sense and then again for word accuracy, plac-

ing a different-colored dot over each word to show the work had been done. The dotted copies of the articles were preserved as proof in the event of complaints later on.

In those early days, *Fortune* was run informally. Writers and their researchers were friends and saw each other socially all the time. Researchers were given a very free hand in assembling the facts, with ample travel allowances and the like. The most glorious research I ever did was for John Chamberlain on the Chicago Democratic Party; I was given money with which to bribe parties opposing the machine to give us their views of what was going on. John, his wife, and I traveled to Chicago by car for the final interviews, and visited on the way the Gettysburg battlefields, lying hot under the August sun, and the home of Warren G. Harding in Marion, Ohio. It was a great trip.

People were very kind to this extremely European young person. Aside from John Chamberlain, Jim Agee and Dwight Macdonald befriended me especially and made the new country less strange; I shall never cease to be grateful to them.

As I said, office life was informal. I remember a plaintive notice from Mr. Luce, begging writers to wear a matching suit and proper shoes rather than old jackets and sneakers when they went to interview the tycoons they had to write about.

As friendly as we were personally, the writers and researchers fought an unending battle over the work. The writers complained that the researchers were both picky and uppity in questioning their facts. The researchers complained that the writers were shiftless, leaving their writing until the last moment, when it could not be properly checked,

and embroidering it with a lot of stuff they had dreamt up themselves. When things got too acrimonious, the matter was brought before the Managing Editor, Joe Hodgins, Mitch Davenport, and Ralph Ingersoll were Managing Editors while I worked at *Fortune*, and they were all kind and just men. Ingersoll was also a trifle eccentric. He used to have an Ants' Palace in his office, for educational purposes, and he also liked to sit in the nude in those days before air conditioning. From my nearby desk, I routinely saw people open his office door and then, after a startled glance, hurriedly slam it shut.

Occasionally it happened that the researcher was not satisfied with the Managing Editor's settling of a dispute. If she felt strongly enough, she could go to Mr. Luce and have him decide. Mr. Luce was always available, and as I know from experience, he listened most carefully to what we had to say. Then he settled the matter, sometimes finding for the researcher, sometimes for the writer. There never was the slightest doubt in our mind that he settled the right way. I have never encountered any other organization where the top boss could be seen by a lesser employee as a matter of course. Mr. Luce had just married Mrs. Luce. From their holiday in Cuba, I believe, Mrs. Luce brought each of us *Fortune* researchers a bottle of perfume; mine was a beautiful jasmine. We debated whether we should thank her jointly, but finally decided on individual letters. I remember,

OUR STORIES research was always most interesting. And the big *Fortune* stories of that day have never been rivaled since for accuracy and depth. I am thinking of the three articles on the I. P. Ponts done without their consent and never questioned; the first article even written about the *Reader's Digest*; the detailed corporation investigations; and the big medical articles.

I learnt more from researching for *Fortune* than from any other job I have ever had. In fact, I don't think I could do what I do now without that experience. The job eventually became a well-paid one, *Fortune* being one of the rare places where you got raises without having to push for them (and this in pre-Newspaper Guild days). I still have friends I made in those days; and I still bless Henry Luce. □

The GIMLET EYE

I LEAVE THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

D. KEITH MANO

On April 1 of this year (foolish for Christ) I was baptized and chrismated as a member of the Orthodox Church.

That statement is bald enough: it doesn't sound the wretchedness of separation; nor the jubilee-time of coming home. After all, I had been much more than a Sunday Episcopalian for 18 years. I was diligent and loyal: the parish knew my work; the region, too; and the diocese. My decision (conceived *in vitro* over three years) was lacerating. It meant, first, that I would no longer share the eucharist with my wife and children. It disjoined me from a hundred friends: devout folk, who—when the Episcopal Church dies of its terrible fever—will, by their grace and presence alone, touch it with an absolving unction. Several partook of my anguish: in these latter years, watching the Episcopal Church has been like watching a father kill himself with strange debauchery. But they could not leave: I understand that; I celebrate it. Nothing I may say about the Episcopal Church is intended as a repudiation of them. These are men and women (I name just one: Archdeacon Robert Willing) who, when gathered two or three together in prayer, are a legion.

But, for me, the dusk had come: my spiritual constitution was breaking

down. I entered every parish church in the New York Diocese with the skin white and drawn across my knuckles. What would it be this week? A woman—a media-consecrated lesbian?—administering the chalice; a vapid-chic modernization of the liturgy; a sermon on Marxist-Christian dialogue? I had more than sufficient experience with Episcopal pork-barreling. (I was at the time, ironically enough, Bishop Paul Moore's representative on the Mid-Hudson Regional Council.) I knew that a bishop, like a determined rapist, will have his way. I knew, moreover, that our Episcopal House of Bishops would never—or never in my lifetime—renounce its titillating common-law marriage with the *Zeitgeist*. Oh, I could set up as a gadfly; I could (and did) unrepresent Paul Moore; I could (and did) articulate my dissent. Which is to say: I could, at my pleasure, be bitter, defensive, furious, forlorn. But such an attitude, aside from being quite useless, does not prepare one well for the sacrament of Holy Communion. I had sins enough without that.

My moral eviction notice came in September of 1977. Our rector announced then that he would institute the new prayer book. Let's bypass exegetical or linguistic disputation. Speaking simply, the new prayer book is a cause of grief and sin in men. I use as text Jesus' thrice-repeated admonition to St. Peter: "Feed my sheep." I daresay the new prayer book—a gratuitous and compulsory thing—has not drawn one soul to Christ. Instead it has alienated thousands with remarkable effectiveness.

And for what? For what, in God's name? For the self-indulgence of an elitist clerical hierarchy that has ever despised its blue-collar congregations. Episcopalianism is not, shall we say, populist in nature. Of course this same clerical superstructure would lust after any fashionable "disadvantaged" group or subgroup or club: even those with a terrorist ambition. I was tithing, at least in part, to murder. I could no longer support a church which starved the ninety and nine, while it made coy advances to the one: one that was more often than not a wolf in ovine disguise. Mind you, I haven't mentioned here the Other Matter—lady ordination—which has brought about cruel, distressing schisms. The sheep—bourgeois and tedious though they may have seemed—



were without nourishment: in ignoring that pre-eminent, Christ-central obligation, Episcopal bishops have been shamelessly derelict. And brazen about, proud of, their mitred negligence. As a channel for the Holy Spirit, Episcopalianism was, I saw, shut off. A bogus and effete thing. Spent.

Yet I could not countenance a life without the sacraments. From October to April I took communion at another Episcopal parish: its priest, a man of unassuming probity, still honored the 1928 prayer book. Services were forthright and devout (and SRO); my spiritual blood-count went up. But the rector, I could tell, was a targeted man. Age or episcopal harassment would cut him down. I had sympathy and little hope for the various schismatic (read "conservative") Episcopal groups: they were dispersed, divided, browbeaten; legal and financial leverage would pry at them. Too, I was tired of anger: even of an anger I could share.

Catholicism seemed most unpromising. I read *NR* after all: I knew that a similar corruption—Marxism, with-it liturgy, social gospel—led by almost all roads to (and from) Rome. True, this organism was larger: the parasite eggs oviposited in it would require more time. But time is an invariable. I was frankly in despair. Then three influences concurred to allow me a fragrant epiphany. 1) Prayer. 2) My cement factory. 3) Ten or 12 (bless them) readers of *NR*. God will use what is to hand.

For years—it must have been at least 15 (my father knew him)—an American Orthodox priest, now bishop, would visit X-Pando Corporation. John Schneyder is urbane yet bashful; a devotee of Victorian fiction and the New York Rangers. We were a "contact"—that is, we gave. His small church was sustained almost entirely by unOrthodox contributions. He would gather them on foot, day by day, weather by weather. A dollar, two; sometimes ten, sometimes nothing, as the Paraclete saw fit. There was neither aggression nor defensiveness in his approach. Had we not donated, I doubt that John Schneyder would have shaken our ubiquitous cement dust from his shoes. I can recall once asking him (1969?) if he would show me how a clerical collar attached itself (the description was useful to my fiction). We became semi-annual friends. Yet somehow it never traversed my mind to ask him what Orthodoxy was.

In May of 1978, Bishop Schneyder

came through Long Island City. I was manufacturing fiction that day, not cement. I missed him, but he left a note. By then, though, I had some raw understanding of Orthodoxy. Once or twice each year "The Gimlet Eye" would squint at Episcopalianism: rather as you might squint at a serious accident. And readers, out of empathic compassion, had started mailing me literature on Orthodoxy. All of them were either ex-Episcopalian or ex-Catholic. Fed up with The Holy Church of Current Events, they had converted. They wrote about joy; about a spiritual Canaan. But until that September crisis, I had filed their gifts under O on my bookshelf.

NOW I BEGAN to read. With the uncoiling of time my dead father's face has recapitulated itself in me: brow and hairline and nose. And that has been so with Orthodoxy: the religious features were there: I am its natural child. In reading, I learned that Orthodoxy was the most ancient and least-tampered-with Christian communion. Priests could marry. Women did not agitate for ordination. The Catholic Bishop of Rome is recognized, but just as one bishop among equals. (Papal Infallibility, for instance, is a doctrinal innovation: it dates from 1870.) The Orthodox liturgy—of St. Basil and St. John Chrysostom—has not been altered (except by translation) in, oh, fifteen hundred years. Mystical union with Christ is paramount: welfare gospel has been left to HEW. Moreover, for an Episcopalian there was no momentous adjustment—creedal or ceremonial—that I would be subjected to.

One complication did obtain: but it was not theological. Though Orthodoxy is a worldwide communion (with about eighty million members) each jurisdiction has autonomy. Language and national custom made it sometimes difficult at first for an American to assimilate himself. But this was soothing also: the ethnic jurisdictions—Russian, Romanian, Yugoslavian, Greek, etc.—do not pant after Christian-Marxist dialogue. Most have known Communism too intimately: dialogue, they realize, would be the kind that Edgar Bergen specialized in: you could see lips moving. And they would not be Christian lips.

When I rang him up John Schneyder was apologetic. Yes, his Orthodox American Church had been sanctioned

by the Russian Synod in 1951 as an English-speaking outreach toward Americans like myself. Yes, but . . . But what? Ah, he didn't think I would be comfortable with the facilities. My Episcopalian background . . . (John Schneyder had himself been Episcopalian until 1953. After his conversion he prepared for the priesthood at Jordanville Seminary and at the Convent of Novo Divevevo, both Russian Orthodox.) My background? Well, I was probably used to a more impressive physical plant. I understand now that John Schneyder has the sort of terrific humility that can interfere somewhat with successful proselytizing. That is: his congregation numbered three. Mind you, this did not make the church seem empty: the church was in an apartment. Your guest bedroom is probably larger. But I have seen fat, beneficed, hollow altars. So I went, hopping over a wino on the way up.

In that tenement room Christ has raged through me: if peace can be said to rage. There is no sermon (at 47, Bishop Schneyder considers himself too young to preach), and no collection plate. But with the Orthodox liturgy, in a majestic translation by Archimandrite Lazarus Moore, my power of devotion has stoked itself bright. After 13 months I have found both spiritual rest and spiritual confidence again. In a church, part of an immense and ancient international communion, that isn't afraid not to change.

So. Let me extend this invitation. From 11:45 to noon on Sundays I'll be waiting in The 400 Delicatessen (southwest corner, 57th Street and Ninth Avenue). You'll recognize me by my shabby dress and general lack of height. We'll go upstairs: over the liquor store. To worship as Christians once did when their only business was Christ. And afterward, if you have the time, we'll break some bread together. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

GOOD AS GOLD, by Joseph Heller (Simon and Schuster, 447 pp., \$12.95). Joseph Heller has the edge on most Americans as we enter our second energy crisis. He has his hate to keep him warm: his intense personal hatred of Henry Kissinger, his fear envy-resentment of the Protestant America he scarcely knows and clumsily

(Continues on page 935)

Dark Horses



M. STANTON EVANS

THOSE WHO would like to unravel the complications of the SALT debate can do so rather quickly by consulting *American and Soviet Military Trends* (Center for Strategic and International Studies, 1800 K St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007; \$6.95), a useful vade-mecum of military data.

Author John M. Collins, senior defense analyst for the Library of Congress, dispassionately condenses what is known about the American and Soviet strategic arsenals, comparing everything from military doctrine to basing systems to missiles, ships, and aircraft. All those awkward acronyms, such as SLCM, GLCM, ALPS, and MAPS, are lucidly explained, as are some basic facts of military budgeting, shifts in American cold-war thinking, and the practical outcome of this thinking in terms of national security.

There are too many details in this compendium to attempt a paraphrase, but the general drift of it comes out as follows: for upwards of a decade, the United States has been getting progressively weaker in its strategic confrontation with the Soviet Union, cutting back on existing weapons systems and failing to push ahead with new ones. The number of strategic aircraft in the U.S. inventory has declined by 30 per cent (and the newest of our planes is more than 15 years old). Our naval fleet has been cut approximately in half. No new missile system has been put in place since 1967.

In this process of self-enfeeblement, we have failed to develop—or dragged our feet concerning—weapons systems that could tip the balance, perhaps decisively, in our favor: antimissile defenses, the B-1 bomber, the cruise missile, mobile land-based missile systems, the Trident submarine, etc. Simultaneously, we have been transferring technology to the Soviets—technology with, in many cases, strategic implications.

All of this has occurred, Collins makes plain, as a matter of conscious policy: we have purposely restrained ourselves, hoping that Moscow would

do the same. How this hope matches up with our behavior in helping build the Soviet war machine has yet to be determined; suffice it to say that all such expectations have been routinely disappointed, as the Soviets have sought on every possible occasion to increase their strength and improvise against our weakness.

The point is driven home by *Strategic Options for the 1980s*, a survey of American defense needs published by the National Strategy Information Center (William R. Van Cleave and W. Scott Thompson, eds., 111 E. 58th St., New York, N.Y. 10022; \$4). The product of a seminar staged jointly by the NSIC and a team of aerospace experts, this volume underscores the fact that America indeed has weakened itself in calamitous fashion. This observation is in preface to a technical discussion of “quick fix” remedies that would tide us through the early Eighties—at which time long-term development programs could come on line to refurbish our defenses.

AMONG THE proposals offered by an impressive array of experts (including Paul Nitze, T. K. Jones, William Graham, Francis Hoebler, B. F. Plymale, M. R. Gustavson, and the editors): fitting B-52s with cruise missiles, developing the B-1 bomber, stepping up production of the Minuteman, deploying a mobile land-based missile, resurrecting antimissile, air, and civil defenses, and accelerating production of the Trident submarine. By doing such things (many to be prohibited by the SALT accords), the participants conclude, we could overcome much of our present self-inflicted weakness.

Both these volumes should be studied carefully for the solid information they contain, their dispassionate analysis of the mentality behind the SALT agreements, and their dissection of the “mutual assured destruction” theory that dictates, as a deliberate policy, that the American people be left exposed to nuclear annihilation. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

TOM BETHELL:

Capitol Ideas

What an incredible irony it is that the *New York Times* should so strongly and determinedly have supported policies in recent years which have led inexorably to the growth of Washington and the decline of New York. . . . One of the . . . illustrations of the liberal death wish, I fear. (title of particular column: *Inequality Now*)

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TOM SAWYER COMES HOME . . . but 20th century America doesn't look much like home to Tom, Huck, and Jim. They've been wandering through history since we heard from them last—and their views will jolt the complacent, to say the least. Frederick Anderson, late editor of the Mark Twain papers at Berkeley, said the new book is "successful in maintaining the ironic use of their relationship as it was established by Mark Twain," and Cyril Clemens, Editor of the Mark Twain Journal, says Twain himself "would have reveled in it from cover to cover." For your copy of Dorothy Langley's brilliant re-creation, send \$7.95 to Traumwald Press, #10, 3550 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60657.

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PETERS

(Continued from page 921)

pens in Nicaragua too, of course, the only difference being that there it is always a member of the family clan who wins; in Mexico it is a member of the party clan.

Social problems in Central America cry out for solution. The political situation is far from ideal. Economic conditions need to be improved, and soon. Then too, elections often are rigged, leaders tend to be brutal. The desire to bring these leaders down is understandable. But there should be greater understanding than there seems to be of what the toppling of the governments of Nicaragua, El Salvador, and Guatemala by coordinated guerrilla attacks could mean for Central America, and for the rest of us. □

BRIEFS

(Continued from page 932)

lampoons, and his deep-seated self-loathing directed toward aspects of his own ethnic roots, which makes many passages in *Good as Gold* read more like a humorless antisemitic tract than a comic novel by a gifted Jewish author. For all of these reasons, and because he doesn't have the least clue about the real workings of government, Mr. Heller's new "Washington novel" is an embarrassing flop. There are a few good gags and one or two manic glimpses at the frivolous world of serious New York publishing; but they simply aren't worth the price of admission, or the undertone of outraged decency which makes so many of Mr. Heller's jokes and plot devices fall flat. In the best comic novels, at least 20 per cent of the characters are sympathetic. *Good as Gold* is cast with wall-to-wall rats and zombies. The only exceptions are the hero's mother, who has been dead for several decades before the narrative begins, and his older brother, who is killed off in the last few pages of the book. Mr. Heller has been kind, one hopes, can again be an amusing writer. But the best he has to offer us in his latest novel is fool's gold.

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

THE INKLINGS: C. S. Lewis, J. R. R. Tolkien, Charles Williams, and Their Friends, by Humphrey Carpenter (Houghton Mifflin, 287 pp., \$10.95). The Inklings were an informal club who gathered at C. S. Lewis' Oxford rooms every Thursday night to chat and read aloud from works in progress (*Screwtape Letters*, *Lord of the Rings*). Carpenter has already written a biography of Tolkien, and

he shows a thorough knowledge of the circle—as well as a modest willingness to suspend judgment when there is room for doubt. We learn that Lewis had a passionate dislike of T. S. Eliot, which he got over in later life; that a debate with philosopher G. E. Anscombe (a Catholic, by the way) so disheartened Lewis that he never wrote another apologetic book after the mid-1940s; that Tolkien disliked Charles Williams and was jealous of Lewis' enthusiasm for him. But even at its most gossipy, *The Inklings* treats its subjects with respect. They all seem good men who become even better with age. The final section describes Lewis' marriage to Joy Davidman; it is very moving. Anyone who is interested in any of the Inklings will want to read this book.

M. J. SOBRAN

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Stay Tuned for a Solution

On
The Right

New York, July 2—This dispatch does not aim at solving the gas shortage—that will come later—but at coping with the most annoying features of it. First, a personal thesis:

It is that the technological progress of the American people is substantially the result of our nervous system. Spiritual impatience is to be deplored. Not so such impatience as saves one time; as reduces unnecessary work. The key to technological efficiency is impatience with drudge work. If washing dishes were fun, we'd never have invented the dishwasher. People who do not complain about bad service do not get telephones that permit you to dial coast-to-coast in twenty seconds.

AND THAT brings us to the events of last weekend on the highway, and the probability of their recurrence. Lines of automobiles. A million years of aging, if it is true that frustration makes one grow old. For this, at least, there is a simple solution.

Let us consider a typical situation. In Stamford, Connecticut, at a centrally located gasoline station on Friday afternoon, there were 52 cars all lined up, inching forward toward the life-saving pumps. As they moved forward, each car was using up gasoline. The weather was, happily, cool; but in Florida, where they were also waiting in line, the weather was hot, congruent with the temperature of the spirit. At let us suppose, an average of four minutes per car, and assuming a two-pump station, the last car in line faced the prospect of one hundred minutes crawling toward the station. Moreover, there is the anxiety factor, experienced by all of us at one time or another, when the window of the box office, or of the bank teller, or of the employment office, shuts down just as we reach it . . .

Until the emergency passes, some time after the next national election, every gasoline station should give out to a passing solicitor a plastic card on which a number is written, say from one to one hundred. The motorist drives up, and is given a card with the number 11. He looks up, and there is a large sign, visible a block away: "WE ARE NOW SERVICING NUMBER 80." Every few minutes that number of course changes, and on reaching one hundred, the cycle begins again at Number 1. This

could be done by digital electronic read-out (Radio Shack could get such a device on the market in about ten minutes), or simply by flipping over a calendar-type plastic sign that calls out the numbers visually.

THE SYSTEM is susceptible of the following refinements. A station, after estimating the average speed at which it transacts business a function of the number of pumps, their accessibility, and the efficiency and number of attending personnel, could hoist a sign that would say: "FIGURE 7 MINUTES PER 10 CARS." The motorist with card Number 11, provided he had not been schooled in the New Math, could readily calculate that since he holds card Number 11, and car Number 80 is now being serviced, he is 31 cars behind; waiting time, approximately 21 minutes. So, he goes off and has a cup of coffee somewhere, keeping track of the time. Or he just sits, patiently parked wherever he is, and leafs through the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. After about 18 minutes, he starts up the car, drives to the station, and finds only three or four cars ahead of him, the sign now reading: "WE ARE NOW SERVICING CAR NUMBER 8." Consider a further refinement, namely a sign that lights up when the gas station calculates that re-

serves of fuel will permit no more than a hundred cars to be served. "NO CARS CAN BE FUELED AFTER NUMBER 40." That will remove entirely the gnawing anxiety about their running out of fuel by the time your number comes up. Though of course the waiting time will have been made tolerable, since you would not have spent it inching forward during the long interval, and now you can use the gas you'd otherwise have consumed tooling off in search of a station with a smaller differential between the number of the car being serviced and the number being given out by the attendant.

Now if I were Exxon, or Shell, or Mobil, or one of those people, I'd equip my stations with these paraphernalia by next Friday, noon. It would do more to soothe the national temper than ten thousand full-page ads explaining OPEC, the DOE, Jimmy Carter, and the Aztec calendar stone. □

KISSINGER AS FRANKENSTEIN

New York, July 6
—In writing years ago about McCarthy and his

critics I ventured the point that no attempt to understand him could be successful without understanding his critics, whose distortions and exertions made McCarthy look almost pitiful. Henry Kissinger isn't Joe McCarthy, and in a few months his memoirs will take good care of the williwaws, the current dazzler being an attack on the Cambodian policies under Nixon-Kissinger which has led men who ought to know better to egregious irresponsibility. For instance Anthony Lewis, who terms the book by William Shawcross (*Sideshow—Kissinger, Nixon, and the Destruction of Cambodia*) "a . . . textbook on what can happen when the American constitutional system is violated. Lies and secrecy and lawlessness were the ways by which Kissinger and Nixon evaded restraints on their power."

Although the record will not sustain the contention that Nixon-Kissinger thus conducted themselves, even Mr. Lewis' generality, one notes in passing, is unsafe. Lies and secrecy and lawlessness were the ways by which Franklin Delano Roosevelt evaded restraints on his power, and most Americans are nowadays grateful that he

THOU SHALT
NOT
STONEWALL.



did as he did in order to prevent Hitler from becoming the master of Europe. What happened in Indochina is that Hitler *did* take command there. The various Hitlers who inherited the area, in Vietnam, in Laos, in Cambodia, ended by feuding with one another, but, incredibly, Mr. Shawcross' complaint is not against those who frustrated what began as an alliance to contain aggressive Communism but against those who attempted to prevent the ascendancy of the Hitlers.

The thesis of much of Mr. Lewis must be examined with reference to elementary psychology. We were assured, over and over again, that the domino theory was false, that the war in Indochina was a civil war. What happened was Pol Pot and the boat people. This ending is strenuously incompatible with liberal mythology. Accordingly, Pol Pot has to become a creation of—Nixon and Kissinger.

How is this managed? Well, to begin with it is alleged that Sihanouk's neutralist government was subverted by Kissinger, which happens not to be true. It is alleged that no efforts were made to negotiate with Sihanouk, which is not true. It is alleged that the bombing of the sanctuaries and the incursion destabilized Cambodia; whereas the North Vietnamese had already begun their deep infiltration, and the incursion was limited to a six-mile zone from which the Cambodians had already been evicted by four North Vietnamese divisions that were killing Americans at the rate of five hundred per week. But the gravamen of Shawcross' contentions is that so profligate was the bombing between February and August of 1973 that there were wholesale civilian casualties, a general panic, a destruction of the agricultural base of Cambodia, and an invitation to Pol Pot to gut Phnom Penh in order to bring the people back to cultivate the land and deliver themselves from starvation.

AN AFTERNOON of telephone calls with U.S. officials on the scene validates the consistent claims of the Pentagon that the Rules of Engagement—which prescribed that no targets closer than one kilometer to a village could be bombed—were carefully observed, with the exception of two accidents, one of them involving a funeral procession that took place in the countryside near Saang, another involving a young bombardier who mishandled a direction-finding switch and dropped a load of bombs on a friendly village.

The events of 1973 reveal something different from what Mr. Lewis alleges. We had then a Congress set on a narrow foreign policy in Indochina inconsistent with its own broader mandate. The Khmer Rouge refused, notwithstanding pressures from both Lon Nol and the White House, to participate in the January 1973 cease-

fire. The bombings were designed to deter the Khmer Rouge, but congressional restrictions finally choked off any hope of success. The stark outcome of it all is the boat people. They are not fleeing U.S. bombs. They are fleeing the men to whom Congress and the critics of Kissinger and Nixon committed them. □

ALASKAN BLUES

Anchorage, June 20—To imagine what it would mean to the economy of the United States, one would have to suppose that suddenly tomorrow no one was required to pay a personal income tax. For so long as the oil stops flowing through the trans-Alaskan pipeline, revenues to the state are cut at the rate of 70 per cent per day. It is no wonder that when on Sunday morning it transpired that the pipeline had been shut down, the news preoccupied all of Alaska. "All of Alaska" is a paradoxical figure of speech because you have here one of the most exaggeratedly uninhabited stretches of territory in the world. There are 400,000 people and 586,000 square miles of land, which makes for more than one square mile per person.

The Alaskan pipeline was constructed only after the OPEC cartel broke down congressional resistance. The attitude in those days is over-simply described as, Why inconvenience Alaskan caribou, when we have oil all over the place at \$2 per barrel?

So finally the pipeline was built, and the economic jolt to Alaska is suggested by the figures. In those days Alaska used to think in terms of \$100 million per year in state tax revenues. With the pipeline, that figure went up by a factor of ten, and when peak revenue is reached in 1982 from the present reserves, \$8 billion per year will flow to the state. After which? A precipitant decline in five years as established reserves are depleted, and of course the question is whether the oil companies can set out and look for more. The pending frustration is the delay in auctioning territories in the Beaufort Sea area within which the successful discoveries are now operating. There is a division of opinion as to whether the Federal Government, or the State of Alaska, owns some of this acreage, but even that which is incontestably Alaska's goes on, month after month, unleashed to developers, by reason of that fever which is known in parts of Tennessee as the Snail Darter Syndrome. The opponents of further development are worried about the bowhead whale, which disports in the Beaufort area and is regularly harpooned by Eskimos, which is okay by the ecologists, but it is feared that off-shore development might traumatize the bowheads, though one would think they would suffer less from oilmen sinking their spears

into ten-thousand-foot-deep geological anticlines, than from Eskimos sinking their spears six inches into the whales' flesh. But arguments with ecologists are difficult.

There is of course a difference of opinion even among Alaskans, but one finds a general resentment against the Udall bill, which would consecrate about 120 million acres (there are several versions of the measure) of Alaskan territory to federal preserves. Mr. Udall, a great friend of nature, was once described as someone who resented any human habitation in his native state left to get in the way of a meandering buffalo. He has a great vision for Alaska, which is a great natural feast—superbly described, by the way, by John McPhee in his book *Coming into the Country*. But Alaskans are mystified, and resentful, over the lengths to which the Udalls are prepared to go. And, incidentally, powerless.

IN ALASKA, a grand total of 1 per cent of the land is owned privately. There are bureaucrats and naturalists in Washington and elsewhere, in what Alaskans refer to as "the lower 48," who think of Alaska as Louis XIV thought of the Bois de Boulogne—as a private preserve of sorts. The magnanimity of this concern is interrupted by the mechanical problems of enjoying it. It is easy enough to get to Alaska, and to enjoy the peripheral feasts of its table, but to get into the sexy parts, you need such things as private airplanes, guides, kayaks, bear-and-mosquito-killing equipment, and, ideally, radio communications with a convenient satellite. Alaska residents tend to feel that the luxury of a more or less perpetual natural frontier for Americans who go to bed with a *National Geographic* magazine dream imposes an undue burden on a small population that seeks, with all the conventional motives, to do something to exploit the mineral resources of Alaska, thereby—among other things—generating revenues to facilitate the flow of tourists by building roads that would bring more of Alaska within pocketbook range of the average American. As it is, most of Udall's Alaska is reserved for Lindberghs, Cousteaus, Captain Cooks, and Rockefellers.

One goes so far as to wonder whether, really, it was in Alaska's interest to join the union. The subject is here and there surreptitiously brought up; but, even while ruining the day that Udall, the American proconsul, was weaned by Romulus and Remus, the subject is quietly changed, because the union is for keeps, and the Alaskans wish peace and friendship, but wish, also, that the lower 48 would understand their problems as well as they seek to understand those of the bowhead whale. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

JULY 20, 1979 937

DEFINITIONS

A. Supreme Being

45 25 5 119 102

B. To do _____ sorrow.
—*Hamlet* 1:2

51 38 36 48 129 179 154 206 104 114

C. Sweet mercy is _____'s
true badge. —*Titus*
Andronicus 1:1

116 23 57 40 128 60 17 135

D. Those legally ap-
pointed by others to
transact business for
them

127 168 188 174 75 41 34 167 147

E. Would Ulysses grant
us passage over this
road?

132 124 145 148 68 26

F. To whom do lions
cast their gentle
looks? Not to the
beast that would
usurp their _____
—*3 Henry VI* 11:2

49 88 6

G. The deep-mouthed
sea, / . . . like a
mighty _____ fore
the king—*Henry V*:
5:Prologue

59 18 81 207 204 32 163 125

H. _____ the famished
English . . . faintly
besiege us. —*1 Henry*
VI 1:2

99 2 8 16 35 105 120 133 182 189

66

I. Character in *The Fair*
Penitent, by Rowe

107 27 42 173 19 166 156 149

J. A place where old
clothes are sold—
Tempest 4:1

109 43 21 191 211 101 186 58

K. The country in which
Twelfth Night is laid

152 61 108 214 146 203 131

L. He is sooner caught
than the pestilence,
and the _____ runs
presently mad.
—*Much Ado* 1:1

158 142 69 192 150

M. A fool go with thy
soul, _____ it goes!
—*1 Henry IV* 5:3

180 22 97 10 84 70 193

N. The island of Ulysses
(*Troilus and Cressida*)

185 83 11 213 197 170

O. The bloody book of
law/ You shall your-
self read in the
bitter _____/
—*Othello* 1:3

202 198 14 20 210 111

P. The port section of
Edinburgh

212 92 194 37 209

Q. Ford's brothers watch
the door with pis-
tols, that none shall
_____ out. —*Merry*
Wives 4:2

1 71 117 130 122

R. You have a nimble
wit; I think 'twas
made of _____'s
heels. —*As You*
Like It 3:2

13 138 55 183 89 82 144 95

S. Pistol's term of
invective in *Merry*
Wives 1:1

141 160 53 67 103 112 50 136 175 200

3 31 46 80

T. My imaginations are
as foul/ As Vul-
can's _____
—*Hamlet* 3:2

155 165 106 171 87 56

U. A skater who won
Olympic champion-
ships in 1928, '32, '36

159 195 126 181 201

V. Our doubts . . . make
us lose the good we
oft might win,/ by
fearing to _____
—*Measure* 1:4

164 199 208 205 65 72 7

W. Make the doors upon
a woman's wit, and
it will out at the
casement; shut that,
and 'twill out at the
_____—*As You*
Like It 4:1

151 73 177 94 44 62 85

X. To such _____ and
blown surmise.
—*Othello* 3:3

140 190 215 28 137 33 54 79 47 64

153 76

Y. Another would fly
_____, but wanteth
wings. —*1 Henry*
VI: 1:1

4 29 63 184 90

Z. He would not stir
his _____—*Winter's*
Tale 4:4

24 9 93 123 30 134 178 12 187

a. A most singular and
choice _____
—*Love's Labour's*
Lost 5:1

39 100 77 96 169 176 161

b. The green corn/ Hath
rotted ere his youth
_____ed a beard.
—*Midsummer Night's*
Dream 2:1

52 78 86 74 110 196

c. The wine drunk by
Claudius (*Hamlet*)

91 98 115 157 172 143 139

d. Upper regions of
space

121 113 162 118 15

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 934 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

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The U.S. was founded by a group of individuals who rebelled against the oppressive policies of King George in England. Today, this same spirit of independence, a uniquely American phenomenon, underlies a growing displeasure with government tax and spending policies. This viewpoint is a healthy sign. Our society can remain the freest and most prosperous in the world if government power is held in check by us, the citizens who make up the country. Recent passage of laws (such as Proposition 13) are an indication of a growing wave of protest against wasted tax dollars. The effort is getting stronger and more vehement every day.

The largest tax each one of us pays is Federal Income Tax. Yet, the largest corporations and the wealthiest individuals often pay the least amount of tax. According to an article in a leading newsletter, 17 huge corporations paid no federal income tax in a recent year, although they had a world-wide income of \$2.5 billion. Numerous tax loopholes were used. The list includes United States Steel, Bethlehem Steel, Armco Steel, General Dynamics, Singer, Phelps Dodge, American Airlines, Philadelphia Electric and The Chase Manhattan Corporation. The burden caused by these non-taxpayers must be assumed by "somebody." "Somebody" is always the wage earner. There is, therefore, a major inequity under the law which favors the wealthy and, most especially, corporations. In America today we have what could be called a "Corporate Society."

Some individuals have become so upset with these startling inequities, they have stopped paying taxes and have in many cases even ceased to file tax returns. This approach, however, is fraught with danger and has resulted in stiff fines or prison sentences when the government locates and prosecutes the courageous individuals.

You Can Become Part of "The Corporate Society"

Rather than break the law and suffer serious consequences, there is a safer and more viable alternative. You can use the same type of smart thinking as those who own and control great wealth. The big corporations are not necessarily immoral. However, they do get the best advice available on tax matters.

You, as an individual, can now use all the tax loopholes for your own self interest. Thus, you legally gain the advantages yourself as do the huge corporations. Rather than break the law, you can use it to your advantage. Perhaps the best way to accomplish this, as well as reduce your tax burden is through incorporation, the legal form of tax rebellion.

Surprisingly enough, the government encourages incorporation with a number

Wage Your Own Personal Tax Revolt

Like the early pioneers who started this country, many people are rebelling against the near confiscatory taxation at all levels of government. The federal government consumes the taxpayer's cash at the rate of over \$800,000 per minute, and the amount that is wasted is scandalous. The citizens are mad as hell and they're not going to take it any more.

There is but one answer left!

of favorable laws, especially in the area of taxation. In fact, it is rare to find a successful individual who is not incorporated. Incorporation is favored by nearly all millionaires. It is one of the causes of wealth, not its effect. Think about it. Can you think of a single wealthy individual who doesn't own and control his own corporation? It is rare indeed. Let's face it, the first step toward achieving the American Dream in our corporate society is probably incorporation.

To add even more impetus to the idea of starting your own corporation, passage of the Revenue Act of 1978 makes incorporation the ultimate tax shelter. This act and the earlier ones close the door to practically all other tax shelters and loopholes. The tax rate on corporations (especially smaller ones) has been substantially reduced, to as low as 17%.

Favorable laws such as the investment tax credit are most helpful when buying equipment. Even if you incur losses in one year you can deduct those losses over several profitable years.

More Advantages...

You can set up a corporate medical plan wherein you deduct from your taxes every dollar spent on medical and dental care, drugs, and health insurance for yourself and your family. You can also get tax deductible group life insurance even if the "group" consists of only one person.

It is important to note that potential tax savings are not the only reason to incorporate. Another chief value is that it limits your liability to the assets of the corporation in the event of a lawsuit. If you do business as an individual or partnership, you can be sued personally,

"Over and over again courts have said that there is nothing sinister in so arranging one's affairs as to keep taxes as low as possible. Everybody does so, rich or poor; and all do right, for nobody owes any public duty to pay more than the law demands; taxes are enforced exactions, not voluntary contributions. To demand more in the name of morals is mere cant."

Judge Learned Hand

which could put your house and other assets in jeopardy

You can put more money (25% and more of income) into your corporation pension plan. This is more than a traditional "Keogh" plan which has a maximum contribution of \$7,500 a year, or even an I.R.A., where the maximum that can be sheltered under special circumstances is only \$1,750.

In these times of growing inflation and periodic ups and downs of the economy, your own corporation is probably the only way that you may maintain control over your economic destiny. And you can often benefit from incorporation without leaving your present job. More about that in a moment.

You Can Incorporate Simply, Easily and Inexpensively.

Up until now, throughout the majority of history, incorporation had one major drawback: high legal fees. Lawyers today charge stiff fees, up to \$2,500 for incorporation. The truth is that you can easily incorporate yourself for under \$50. A remarkably easy and inexpensive method of incorporating is contained in a book called *How To Form Your Own Corporation Without A Lawyer For Under \$50**. It comes complete with all the tear-out forms required to start your own corporation... minutes... bylaws... everything you will ever need. The author, Ted Nicholas, has helped thousands of people start their own corporations and has saved them millions of dollars in the process — and many millions more in taxes.

It is very easy, and we will show you how. We'd like to send you a copy of *How To Form Your Own Corporation Without A Lawyer For Under \$50** for a free thirty-day trial — without risk or obligation on your part. If, for any reason, you're dissatisfied, simply return it for a full refund of your purchase price. We'll also send you a free bonus: The Income Plan — an astounding report that tells you exactly how to turn your present career into a tax-sheltered corporation. The Income Plan — a \$9.95 value — is yours to keep *absolutely free*, even if you decide to return the incorporating system.

To receive your copy of *How To Form Your Own Corporation Without A Lawyer For Under \$50*, write your name and address on a piece of paper along with the words "Corporation Book & Bonus" and send it with your check or money order for \$14.95 to Enterprise Publishing Co., 501 Beneficial Building, Dept. NR-97C, Wilmington, Delaware 19801. Send for the system now. Let us help you wage your own personal tax revolt. Important note: The full price of the book is tax deductible. Act Now!

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You can see the results in our productivity. It's doubled in the last 7 years.

Productivity alone doesn't produce profits. But we're balancing our output of parts for the vehicular, service and industrial equipment markets we manufacture for. So as well as increasing productivity, we've improved our earnings year after year.

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EVERYONE FALLS.

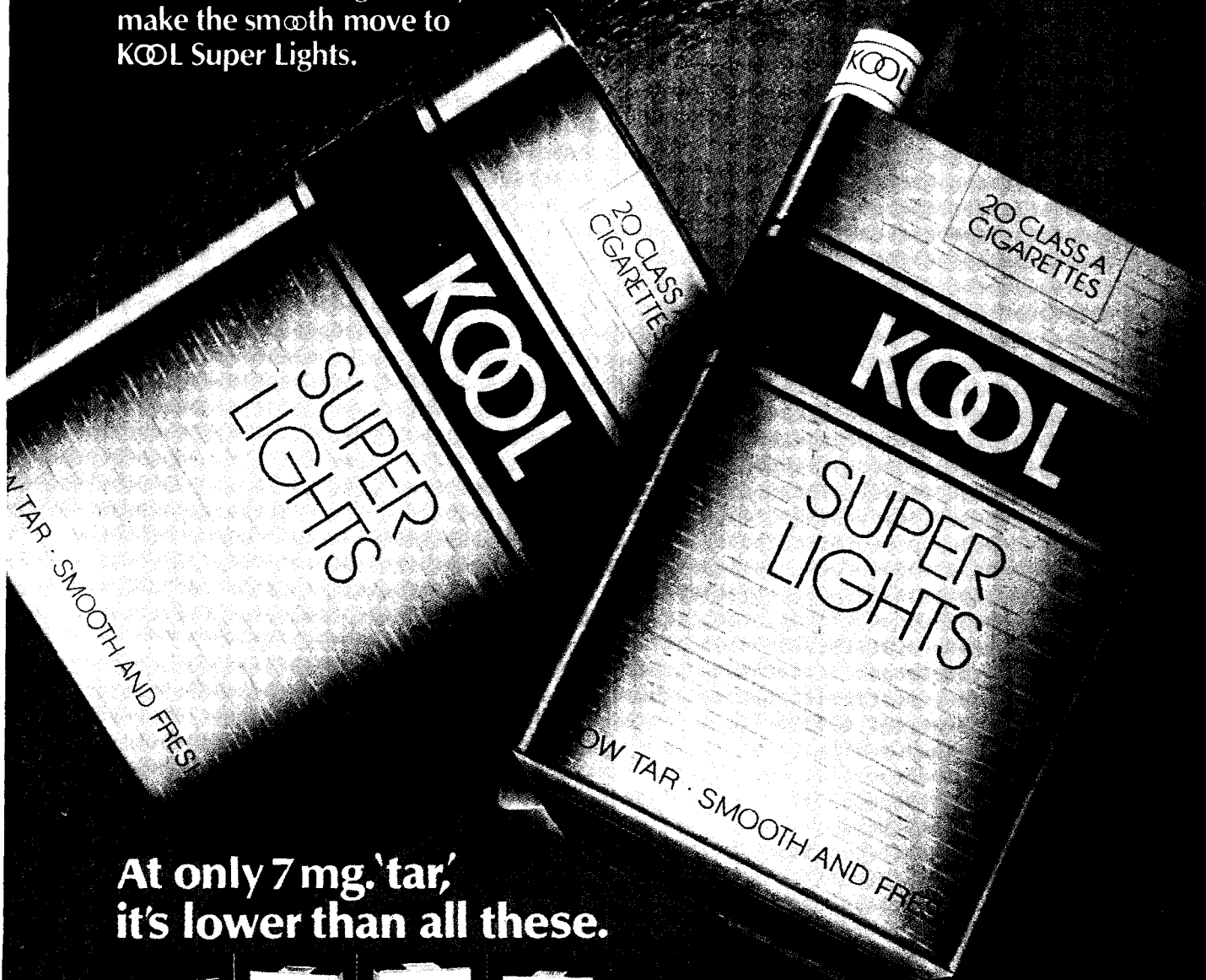
PRODUCTIVE PEOPLE



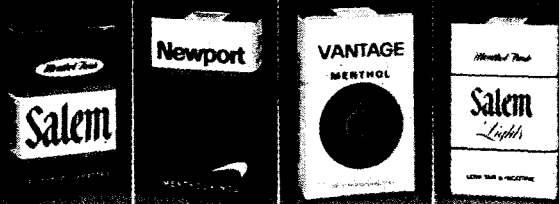
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make the smøth move to
KOOL Super Lights.



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it's lower than all these.



16 mg. 'tar'

18 mg. 'tar'

11 mg. 'tar'

10 mg. 'tar'

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